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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

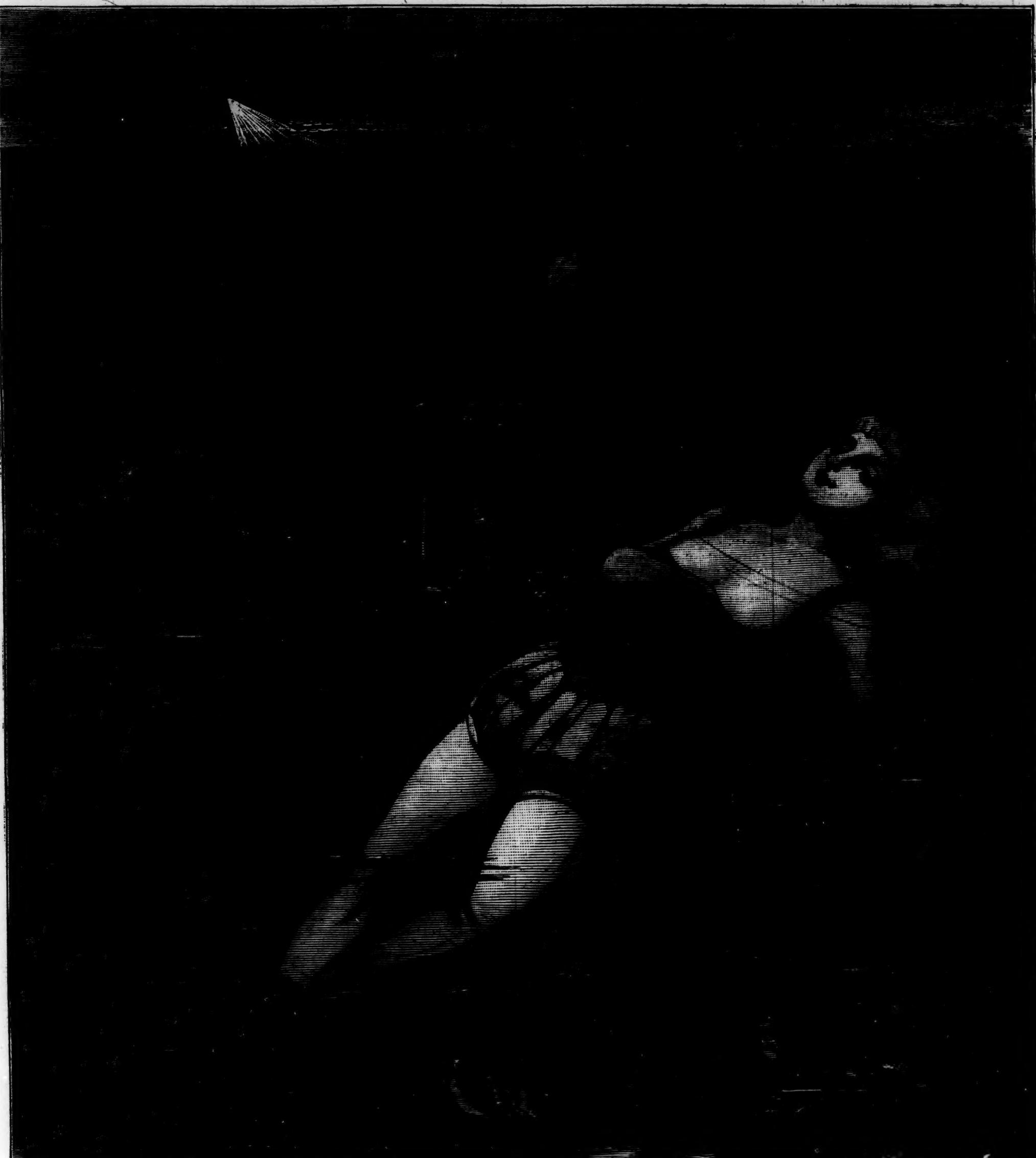
AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF SPORTING and NOVEL
SENSATIONAL EVENTS

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THE TRIUMPH OF THE SPECTACULAR DRAMA—SCENE FROM A PLAY TO BE PRODUCED AT A LEADING THEATRE THIS COMING WINTER—THE QUEEN OF THE DEEP BEING ABDUCTED FROM HER REALM.—SEE PAGE 2.

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly, Established 1846

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING

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BETTER THAN ZOLA'S

N A N A !

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AND

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WITH NEW AND SPICY

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J. S. M. & W., Baltimore, Md.—Thanks for trouble taken in our behalf. Any similar favor on our part will be readily granted.

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J. F., Troy, N. Y.—Life is too short to re-write your communications. If you can't fix them up yourself, let them alone. We can get along without you.

H. W., Albany, N. Y.—Your wish has been anticipated. Next week the GAZETTE will deal with that subject. There is a surprise in store for a great many. Don't fail to get No. 151.

A. M. Milton, N. C.—We have published an account of that affair. If you can procure photos of both brother and sister they will be acceptable. All photos used are paid for.

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POLICE! POLICE!!

A continued spell of hot weather is calculated to exercise a depressing influence upon the energy of everyone and everything, no matter how robust he, she or it may be. "Enterprises of great pith and moment" are for the time turned away (by the hot wave), and indolence and indifference to matters and things in general is the prevailing spirit. The sharp spurs of necessity, business, and a desire to keep afloat, however, will goad a man up to action and keep him awake to the fact that he who humors his feelings will sooner or later find himself in a mire of difficulties from which it will be hard work to extricate himself. There are hundreds of people who do not seem to recognize this fact. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Let to-morrow, and the consequences of our inaction, take care of themselves."

The most conspicuous exemplars of this policy of life at the present time in this city are the gentlemen who compose the police force of the city of New York. The hot spell which has prevailed for some time past has seemingly exercised a very depressing influence on those characteristics which secured for them, as a collective body, the proud distinction of being the "finest in the world." Evil-doers have been correspondingly active, and to-day are having what may be termed a regular "holiday of crime." Thieves break in and steal, carry away their booty, divide the "swag," and spend the proceeds. Loafers hang about the corners, guzzle liquor, insult women, and "it is all right—we know the cop;" and so on, from A to Z, the lawless element follow their vicious bent without a single check. The Society for the Prevention of Crime still exists, thank God—in name at any rate. The police force from superintendent to patrolman still exists, as can be proven by examining the salary list at the Comptroller's office, (and, so far as the results go, this is about the only evidence that such a body does exist). The most flagrant violations of law seem to have the greatest immunity from interference. Take the gamblers of this city for proof of this assertion. On the Bowery, Chatham street, Ann street, Barclay street, and all over the city in fact, games of all sorts for fleecing fools of their money are in full blast, and are conducted with the same openness and boldness as any legitimate business. Policy-shops are as common as the numbskulls who keep them in trade. Well-dress officers, exercising a club, pass to and fro, and make no effort to put a stop to the nefarious business. Who is responsible for this? We are inclined to take a broad view of this matter. The patrolman is subject to orders, and no matter how much at variance with his notions of duty such orders may be, he is sure to follow them. It represents bread and butter to him to do as he is ordered, and human nature has not yet reached that immaculate pitch that it will starve for the sake of conscience.

The blame of this prevalence of crime rests with the men in authority. They know that these gambling dens exist; they know that they are detrimental to the public good. They are placed in their positions to look after the general welfare, and in neglecting to do so, place themselves upon a level with those who commit crime. Will the powers that be consider this matter, and rouse themelves from the stupor which the present weather has thrown about them? Exterminate the gambling dens, as the most flagrant evil, and great charity will be shown for other shortcomings. The proprietors of these places are human blood-suckers, who should be put where they can do the least harm.

BOGUS MEDICAL DIPLOMAS.

Since the exposure by the Philadelphia Record of the manner in which "doctors" were made at Buchanan's Eclectic College in that city, that journal has been probing the matter further, and the revelations of infamy which it makes are well calculated to excite alarm. Bogus diplomas were sold from this institution for \$5, the purchaser's knowledge of medical science being generally about as limited as the cost of his sheepskin. From careful investigation it is shown that 11,000 unprincipled scoundrels have obtained these diplomas, and are at the present time scattered over the country preying upon the misery of their kind.

It does not require much perception, with this showing, to account for the prevalence of the crime of abortion. The majority of these "doctors" are as unprincipled a set of villains as were ever allowed to live, and are always ready to dabble their hands in blood—for a price. With nothing but their diplomas to command them, they travel about the country, engage elegantly-furnished apartments, and announce themselves as the great "herb physician" or the "world-renowned," etc. All the ills that flesh is heir to, succumb at once to their wonderful skill. With very few exceptions they announce themselves as "specialists in all female complaints." That simple sentence has inveigled many an erring girl to a disgraceful death, and accounts for many dark mysteries. Credulous

fools afflicted with various diseases put themselves under their treatment, pay fabulous prices for nostrums which kill oftener than they cure, and never question the antecedents of the scoundrel in whose hands they place their life. The amount of misery which these quacks cause can never be computed.

The fact that so many of these frauds exist should put the authorities of every city and town in the country on their guard. Every diploma should be examined, and the holder thereof made to account for its possession. A board of reputable physicians should be appointed in different sections, vested with the power to examine every traveling physician as to his fitness to practice medicine. In this way a great deal of the misery which Buchanan and his tribe would cause may be averted.

A THEATRICAL WONDER.

A SCENE THAT WILL "CATCH THE TOWN"—Something New in Scenic Effect.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It is a recognized fact among all wide-awake theatrical managers that this is a very progressive age, and that the public are thoroughly in sympathy with its spirit. Novelty, and something "startlingly original" at that, is the demand, and the manager who succeeds in supplying this want, has a fortune assured. A great many people are possessed of the idea that when a theatrical season is ended, actors, actresses and managers gathered up their "easy-acquired gains," drop all care and betake themselves off to some country or sea-side resort there to spend the summer solstice in unalloyed bliss. Nothing could be more impracticable than such a proceeding. The same stern rules of business that govern all other pursuits apply with equal force to the domain of amusement. And so instead of idling away time in pursuit of pleasure, the Thespians are racking their brains for "ideas" which when put into practical shape "will catch the town." For the coming season many wonderful things are promised, which if only half as novel as their inventors claim will certainly startle everybody. One well-known manager is preparing a new spectacular drama, which will embrace in its performance some wonders of mechanism and scenic effect. For obvious reasons he is conducting his preparations with the greatest secrecy. The GAZETTE has been furnished with one scene from this forthcoming play, and our artist has pictured it on the first page of the present number. The "Queen of the Deep" is being abducted from her realm. The difficulties to be overcome in placing this scene upon the stage so as to make it appear real will be readily appreciated. But the modern manager is not to be stopped by difficulties, and if within the limit of possibilities will make whatever he undertakes a "go."

HARRY AND SAL.

MARRIED, DIVORCED AND RE-MARRIED WITHIN FIVE YEARS—The Peculiarities of Matrimony Illustrated.

Five years ago, in the city of Louisville, Ky., Harry R. Ridgeway and Miss Sallie B. Hughes pledged their young affections and were united in matrimony, the understanding being at the time that death alone should separate them. They moved to a neat little cottage, and for a season unalloyed happiness was theirs. Then the young husband began to show signs of a fondness for other women, which grew till finally a separation followed, and afterward a suit for divorce. A decree was easily obtained, and the wife of a few short years was restored to her maiden name. This occurred about seven months ago, and since then the young man has had ample opportunity to repent his indiscretions and to sigh for the woman whom they caused him to lose. This longing increased as the days went by, and at last, being unable to calm it, he wrote to her, begged her forgiveness and promised if she would again become his wife he would never give her cause to regret it. Immediately all the old love she had had for him burst from its smouldering ashes into a living flame, and she decided to give him another trial. Leaving a note in her room at her mother's, saying, "I am going away with my Harry," she left her home, and, joining her ex-husband, they boarded the train for a distant city, where they again took upon themselves the vows of marriage. Mr. Ridgeway is a traveling man, and at present represents the firm of Fitch, Leaf & Co., of Louisville. He is but twenty seven years of age, while his wife, who appears to be a refined and accomplished woman, is just twenty-three. He says that she is "the best woman on top of the green earth; that he just loves the very thoughts of her and worships the ground on which she treads." Let us hope that his experience has taught him a lesson, and that the devotion that he now expresses may continue sufficiently to keep him within the path of rectitude.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

M'le. Mary Albert, of whom we give a portrait on another page, is connected with the Theatre Bouffes, Paris, and is very popular in that city as a singer and actress. She made her *debut* in that city two years ago, and in this short time has advanced to a leading position. The rollicking heroines of Offenbach's and Lecocq's *ope* as find in her an able representative. It is said that M'le. Aimee will revisit this country this coming winter, and that she has made tempting offers to M'le. Albert to accompany her. Should she accept she will find the American people quite as appreciative of talent as her own countrymen.

SEASONING.

THERE isn't much difference between a grass widow and a grasshopper, after all. Either will jump at the first chance.

MISS TANNER, who recently married a widower named Hyde, with eleven children, says she has given up Tanning and is now dressing Hydes.

"WELL! I should er thought he'd er taken the old line instead o' the new one," exclaimed a Kentucky woman when she found her husb'nd hanging in the barn.

THE reason young ladies take so kindly to the fashion of banging their hair is because their mothers can't tell how much it is mussed up after their fellows are gone.

A DOWN EAST CIRCUS has a cannibal among its attractions, but the foolish reluctance of women to give up their babies deprives him of many opportunities to show off.

A NEWSPAPER biographer, trying to say his subject "was hardly able to bear the demise of his wife," was made by the inexorable printer to say "wear the chime of his wife."

Most of the ministers are now off on their summer vacation. Satan, whom they abuse the most, sets a better example in this respect by remaining steadily at work—but then he is used to the heat.

A LOADED revolver was discharged in a trunk which was being handled by a reckless "baggage smasher," in Council Bluffs, Iowa, the other day. The bullet whizzed by his ear. He lifted the next trunk very tenderly.

A COLORADO man can take his rifle and put a bullet hole in an old straw hat 1,000 yards away every time; but he doesn't get down on the ground and tangle himself all up to do it, so he isn't considered a good rifleman by the average amateur.

A YOUNG lady remarked she should like to have bicycles so arranged that she and her beau could both ride. Being asked where her fellow should sit, she emphatically remarked: "On the little wheel behind, of course." And still young men go on marrying.

MAN'S lot is not a happy one. No sooner is he free from his mother's apron strings and slipper than he becomes the slave of some tyrant in pink and white and marries. His wife then bosses him until a baby comes along, and then the baby bosses the whole family.

AN IMPECUNIOUS fortune-hunter having been accepted by an heiress, at the wedding, when that portion of the ceremony was reached where the bridegroom says, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," a spiteful relative of the bride exclaimed, "There goes his valise!"

THE green apple season is here, and while we do not approve of joking on such well-worn subjects, we would inform the small boy that unless the seeds are white and the flesh bitter and puckery, they are not up to the green apple standard. All others are fraudulent, and cannot be eaten with fatal result.

A RATHER bashful young man, upon his first appearance in society, was so unlucky as to make several unfortunate mistakes. Becoming more and more confused, he sank deeper into the mire, until at last he left the room in despair with the apology: "Ladies, if I have said anything which appears to mean anything I beg leave to apologize."

A PROMISING youth recently surprised his father by asking: "Father, do you like mother?" "Why, yes, of course." "And she likes you?" "Of course she does." "Did she ever say so?" "Many time, my son." "Did she marry you because she loved you?" "Certainly she did." The boy carefully scrutinized his parent, and, after a pause, asked: "Well, was she as near-sighted then as she is now?"

WHAT is the difference between the article a woman has in her hand and the woman herself as she steps on a peach-paring while chasing her undutiful son around the corner? was the very simple question he asked. "It's easy; the one is a slapping slipper and the other a slipping slapper," was his voluntary answer, accompanied by the sickliest grin we ever witnessed.—*New Haven Register*.

SOME men were once traveling in a railway car and each told of his happiest days. One said, "I was happiest when I held everything young dear to me." Another, "I was happiest when I held that the laws of science were false and hollow." After all the others had spoken an old man, with a sore eye and long straggling hair, who had his feet cocked up on the back of a vacant seat in front of him, murmured to the gentlemen, "I was happiest when—" "When?" they said, "When I held four aces and a jack."

A VIGILANT observer has discovered where the unquestionable and indubitable sea serpent came from. In a whale fight one whale swallowed another as far as the waistcoat buttons, and there he stuck: another angry whale swallowed half of the swallower: a fourth swallowed the nether end of number three, and so on till forty whales were strung together in a piteous plight, only the first being able to shut its mouth. This is the distinguished sea serpent that has been observed at New Haven, Boston, Schenectady and elsewhere.

"ARE you prepared for death?" the clergyman asked, with a tremor of emotion in his voice as he took the sick woman's hand in his own. A shade of patient thought crossed the invalid's face, and by-and-by she said "she didn't hardly believe she was there was the little bedroom carpet to be taken up yet, and the paint up stairs had hardly been touched, and she did want to put up new curtains in the dining-room; but she thought that if she didn't die until next Monday, she would be about as near ready as a woman with a big family and no girl ever expected to be." P. S.—That woman got well.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

CLOSE CALLS AND DEADLY ACCIDENTS

By the capsizing of a carriage on the road lead to Mount Washington two persons were killed and five seriously injured. The driver was drunk.

CHRISTIAN PECK, a young merchant of Littleport, Clayton county, Iowa, blew out his brains with a revolver because his girl jilted him and married another man.

A BRAKEMAN on an Indiana freight train, who permitted a man to ride with him on the top of a car, undertook to collect fare, and shot the passenger for refusing to pay.

A MISPLACED switch on the Connecticut Valley Railroad threw a train off the track near Hartford, Ct., and the conductor was killed and the engineer and fireman fatally injured.

It is reported from Kentville, N. C., that an old man named Cross was lost in the woods near there, and went seven days without food. When found he was near dead. He coulnt equal Tanner.

MISS HELEN McCANN, a young lady residing at East Liverpool, O., was thrown from a buggy at Wellsville, by a runaway horse, and injured in a terrible manner. She lived but a few hours after the accident.

"You couldn't hit the side of a barn with that pistol," said Warren tauntingly to Jones, at Hillsboro, N. C. "But I can hit the side of you," retorted Jones, and he fired at Warren, inflicting a mortal wound.

ISAAC Simons, a foundryman of Providence, R. I., was found dead in the woods at Cranston, last week, having been absent from work since the 5th. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of death from exposure.

WM. BRADY, a laborer at Patterson & Co.'s coal bank at Coalton, five miles north of Jackson, O., was crushed badly between the cars on the bank switch of the Dayton and Southeastern Railroad, and died soon afterward.

A PASSENGER train on the Georgia Air Line Railroad, ran into three cows ninety-one miles from Atlanta, throwing an engine down a sixty-foot embankment, dislocating the arm of the engineer and badly burning the fireman.

DR. PAUL, of Philadelphia, advertised himself as "the world renowned wizard of human destiny," and offered to conduct the love and marriage affairs of others; but he seems to have mismanaged his own, for he is now in jail for bigamy.

THE steam-threshing machine is raising people this season. A few weeks ago one exploded near Detroit, and killed several, and on the 24th inst., another one exploded near Modesto, killing the fireman and severely injuring eight other persons.

DURING a recent storm a boat containing a man, his wife, their two children, and a stranger, was capsized in Lake Winnebago, in Wisconsin. The stranger and one of the children were drowned. The others were at the point of death when rescued.

A TENNESSEE suitor wrote to his sweetheart as follows: "Your father kicked me last night, and forbade me the house. If I whipped him would it lessen your love for me?" She replied that it wouldn't, and the parent was soundly thrashed.

MRS. GREENZWIT, of Williamsport, Pa., lost her voice several years ago, and the physicians could not make her utter a word. She lately resolved to try the efficacy of prayer, and now can talk as well as ever. She says that an hour of earnest prayer for a month was required.

GEORGE GANZ, a wealthy retired merchant of Buffalo, arose the other morning, took a rope, a saw-buck and a block of wood into his orchard, placed the saw-buck under a tree, adjusted the rope round his neck, tied it to the tree, then kicked away the saw-buck and hanged himself.

A SKIFF containing Bergus Harwitz, wife and three children, while crossing the Mississippi river near St. Louis, collided with the steamer Fanny Lewis. The boat was upset and the mother and one child drowned. The family were from Franklin county, Missouri, and were moving to another part of the country.

An old man named George Parker, living on the corner of Gibbon street, Alexandria, Va., who has been complaining for some time, left the room in which he was sitting Wednesday night last to retire, and was found shortly afterwards, kneeling beside his bed, dead. It is supposed that he died while in the act of saying his prayers.

A FEW days ago while a party of men were fishing at the mouth of Crooked Creek, two miles from Berry's Station, Ky., one of the party, Charles Stone, about twenty years of age, rode his horse into the river. The horse became unmanageable, and the young man was thrown into the water, and drowned before his friends could render assistance.

A WOMAN named Louisa Faulk, living in Bolivar county, O., met her death in a very singular manner. She had been troubled for some time with swollen feet. She heard of a certain medicine which would give relief, and by mistake took an overdose of the drug recommended, which caused her to give premature birth. She lived but a short time.

A YOUNG man named Lester met his death in a very singular manner near South Amboy, N. J., last Monday. Lester hired a boat for the purpose of crabbing, together with a companion named Catlin. In the middle of the stream Lester stripped and dived in the water. His head stuck fast in the mud, and although extricated ten minutes after, he was dead.

DEATH, after a long, stern chase, has captured a man in Louisa county, Iowa, who seemed to many to bear a charmed life. He was a native of Virginia and met with many agreeable adventures. Once he

was stabbed until his bowels came out. He fell into a well sixty feet deep, was gored by a bull until life was apparently extinct, and a loaded wagon passed over his head, cutting off one ear.

A PAIR of prospectors near Leadville encountered a pack of hungry and therefore fierce mountain lions. One of the men fled to a high rock, carrying away only gun, and leaving his defenceless companion to be killed. But his own death was still more horrible. He lost the trail in his fright, and for eight days wandered without food. He was at last found by miners, but was too far gone to recover.

ONE of the census enumerators who visited Roberts Island, Cal., reports that it is impossible to tell the color of the horses, the mosquitoes cover them so thickly. Mosquito netting is fastened about the rims of men's hats and tied closely around the throat, to keep the mosquitoes from covering the face and filling the eyes, nose and ears. Gangs of men strike and refuse to work, finding rest neither night or day.

PARKERSBURG, in West Virginia, has a ten-year-old hero. He plunged into a river to save a drowning playfellow, came very near losing his own life through the clinging of his terrified companion, and dragged him up a steep bank, where both lay a while, completely exhausted. Then the rescued one insensibly rolled back into the water, and the brave little fellow again performed the difficult feat of getting him out.

A. W. CARROLL, a resident of Bradford, Pa., died very suddenly a few days ago. He went to a physician for a prescription for bowel complaint. After taking several powders the patient became insensible, and so remained three days, when he died. An analysis of the powder and stomach is now being made by an expert. It is thought that in compounding the druggist mistakenly used morphia, instead of calomel, as directed.

A DISTRESSING accident occurred in a steam factory at Kokomo, Ind., on the 25th inst. The hands began work at 7 o'clock, and in less than five minutes Daniel Titus, a head-sawyer, had an arm cut off above the wrist by the buzz-saw. He was an old hand in the factory, and was one of the most faithful and trusted employees. His wound was dressed at once, but it is feared mortification will set in, in which case his life cannot be saved.

A PARTY of boys while bathing in the river near Chattanooga, Tenn., on the 26th inst., pulled up the body of a man, but were so frightened that they dropped it before it was identified. Upon the examination of the bank the hat and coat of A. W. Jelter, a white man, were found. The supposition is that in attempting to get a drink he stumbled and fell in and was drowned before assistance could be rendered. The body has not yet been recovered.

MISS EVA THORNBERRY, a very popular young lady, living near Shelbyville, Ind., met with a very singular accident a few days ago. She went out to the barn where some hands were engaged in unloading hay into a barn-loft by means of a patent hay-lifter. While standing near the lower pulley the plank to which it was attached suddenly pulled loose and struck Miss Thornberry on the head, fracturing her skull, and inflicting a probably fatal wound.

A MINER at Bridgeport, Pa., undertook to double his income at a very small expense by adopting an orphan boy and making him do a man's work in the mines. The boy performed the labor until, in order to lessen the cost, the miner allowed him only one meal a day. Even the blows of a club did not keep him going on such a diet. He was missing for several days, and then the neighbors found him in his master's cellar, fastened to a post by a chain around his neck, and half dead with hunger and beatings.

A MAN at Norristown, Pa., believed that his wife's illness was caused by witchcraft. He performed some incantations over a horseshoe, and put it into a fire. At the same time a woman in the neighborhood was taken with a burning pain in the chest. This came from the hot horseshoe, the man thought, and proved that she was the witch. As an additional test, he put salt under his door mat, and the suspected witch stumbled when she entered, though nobody else did. There could no longer be any doubt of her guilt, and so he publicly accused her.

It is reported that out in Mason Valley, Nev., a Piute squaw lately gave birth to a female papoose, which has, instead of hands, two almost perfectly shaped frogs joined to the wrists at their back. The infant is able to move the legs and open the mouth of what takes the place of the right hand. The one fastened on the left wrist is not as complete, as the mouth will not open, but the legs move as freely as the other. It is supposed that the mother was frightened by a frog some time previously. The Indians regard the infant as "big medicine," and the squaw now occupies a high social position.

CHATHAM, a little town in Barnstable county, Mass., claims a faster in Ensign Eldredge, who died May 31, 1860, after 70 days abstinence from food, save that on the 30th day he ate a piece of dried apple, and several days after a spoonful of pudding, though he bitterly lamented the weakness which led him to taste them. The case was one of determined suicide, and physicians sought in vain to force food into the man, who was doubtless insane from a sun-stroke. He weighed but half of his normal 160 pounds when he died, and his body did not turn rigid or cold. Many living witnesses vouch for the truth of the story.

LAST week several boys under ten years of age were playing at Greenridge, near Mt. Carmel, Pa., and during Mrs. Dubois' absence entered her cellar and found a gallon of whisky, which they drank in a bantering manner until they became unconscious. One little fellow, aged seven years, son of Andrew Dunlavy, came out of the cellar and lay for three

hours in the hot sun. His parents found him toward evening in a semi-unconscious condition. They thought, however, that the effects would wear off, but the boy grew worse. Death relieved him of his sufferings next evening. The attending physician, Dr. Williams, says the boy died of congestion of the brain, produced by the liquor.

WHILE Mr. Emmanuel S. Sheaffer and wife, of Penn township, Lancaster county, Pa., were assisting a neighbor in the harvest field, they left their four children — the eldest about seven years and the youngest about one year old — at home and playing. In the room was an old chest having an old-fashioned lock, and the five-year-old boy put the key in his pocket and with the two younger children got into the chest and let the lid down. The eldest child not being able to open it right away gave an alarm, which at once brought a neighbor's wife to the scene, who with an axe broke the lid and found two of the younger children nearly suffocated in the chest. It was at first thought that the youngest could not survive, but it is now all right again.

THE OUTLAWS' MOTHER.

She Meets the Alleged Slayer of Jesse James Face to Face on a Public Street — Vows that the Poor-House Shall Hold Her, and that the ex-Guerilla Shall Die.

KANSAS CITY, July 25.—Mrs. Samuels, mother of the notorious outlaws, Jesse and Frank James, resides in a small house situated among the timber, near Kearney, a station on the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, a few miles from Kansas City, and can always be expected in this place within twenty-four hours after any startling news appears regarding her outlawed sons. A few days ago the Kansas City *Times* contained an article regarding the appearance of Frank James in the eastern portion of the county and on the following day, like the "Lone Fisherman," Mrs. Samuels appeared at the office of County Marshal Ligget, the look of inquiry in her face plainly telling what she came for. After talking with the Marshal a while Mrs. Samuels managed to ask some questions regarding the reported appearance of Frank, and then went out to do some shopping. She was on her way back to the Court House when a man from Liberty, knowing who she was, stopped her at the corner of Main and Fifth streets, and asked her "if she would like to see George Shepherd, the reputed slayer of her son near Joplin last fall."

"Is he about here?" eagerly asked Mrs. Samuels, her whole frame showing the excitement which, like Banquo's ghost, would not down as the name of Shepherd was uttered.

"Yes, he is right here on the corner," and Mrs. Samuels was escorted to where Shepherd was standing, near the barber shop just north of Fifth street on Main.

Mrs. Samuels cast one contemptuous look at the man and then said:

"And so, George Shepherd, you say you have killed my son Jess?"

"Yes I did."

"What did you do it for?"

"Partly to avenge an old score and partly for money," replied the one-eyed ex-guerilla.

Mrs. Samuels all this time was eyeing the man before her, who boasts of having killed her son, and then asked quickly:

"And so you killed Jesse, and do you expect to live until the leaves fall?"

"I think it doubtful."

"Well, I should think you would, for George Shepherd, I would sell my farm and live the rest of my days in the Poorhouse in order to raise money to pay some one for killing you if I knew you killed Jess."

As she said this Mrs. Samuels grew terribly excited, and Shepherd drew back into the hallway to continue the conversation, as a crowd had quickly gathered, knowing that the mother of the most famous outlaws in the country was in conversation with a man who is said to have followed and killed one of them at the risk of his life.

The two then continued the conversation, and those who witnessed it say that the old lady laid down the law in the most emphatic manner. At the conclusion of the confab Mrs. Samuels moved away repeating her vow that Shepherd should die before winter, "as money could accomplish anything."

BENNETT'S BOOST.

The Murderer of Senator Brown Joins His Victim—The Result of a Bad Temper.

George Bennett, alias Dickson, who was convicted of the murder of the Hon. George Brown, was hanged in the jail-yard at Toronto on the 23d inst. His demeanor throughout the trying ordeal was remarkably stolid, and he spoke without a tremor when he made the following speech: "I am going to die, and I am innocent of crime. By no words that I can possibly say can I clear myself, and I cannot say any more than that I am innocent, as the act was beyond my control. The act by which the Hon. George Brown met his death was done in an excited moment. I suppose he could not foresee the consequence. He thought I was going to use the revolver when I drew it from my pocket, and he grasped at it, and it caused the act which caused his death. His hand must have struck the trigger, as the shot was fired simultaneously with his catching it. I am going to meet my God now, and it would be a foolish thing for me to die with lie on my lips. What I say here you may accept as a fact. I would not likely speak false when I am about to die. I am possessed of spirit enough to have acknowledged the crime if I did it. The blood does not tingle in my veins that would tell me of such an act. I am not false at heart or a coward. It would have been a shameful thing to have done such an act, as Mr. Brown did not deserve it. He was a most popular man throughout the world, and deserved it;

and he went to his death through an oversight on my part. I went to him for a very simple reason and not to commit a crime. I could not control the event. There was liquor in me and the accident occurred and the result was the fatal act."

Bennett then turned his back to the spectators and motioned with his right hand, in which he held a crucifix, and remarked quite coolly, "I am prepared to die; all I have to say now is may God have mercy on my soul." Death appeared to have resulted from strangulation, spasmodic contractions of the body continuing for nearly ten minutes after the drop fell.

A BLACK DEVIL BOOSTED.

Judge Lynch Does a Good Piece of Work—A Brutal Ravisher Gets His Just Due.

One of the most brutal rapes ever recorded took place at Rockville, Md., on the 25th inst. The victim was a Mrs. Tschiffely, the wife of a well-known citizen. Mrs. Tschiffely was sitting in her home on the evening, alone, her husband having gone away on business, when John Diggs, a burly negro, entered, and seizing her by the throat choked her into a condition of semi-unconsciousness, and threatened, if she made an appeal for aid, to murder her and burn the house. He then dragged the terrified woman up the staircase, and kept her a prisoner in her room during the entire night, repeatedly subjecting her to his brutal passions.

He left the room early in the morning, and, thinking he had fled, his victim managed to recover sufficiently to leave the house, and started to the residence of a neighbor. The negro, however, was lying in wait, and upon meeting her on the lawn seized her by the hair of the head and dragged her back to the house, where, after subjecting her to further gross assaults, he struck her over the head with a chair.

The blow fell with crushing force, cutting the head and face of the lady, forcing her eyes almost from their sockets. She was, besides, terribly disfigured, her neck and face being horribly cut, swollen and discolored. The negro then escaped.

Shortly after the outraged woman was discovered in an insensible condition by some of the neighbors, and an alarm was immediately raised. Diggs was captured in Mechanicsville, and placed in jail at Rockville. Shortly after 4 o'clock on the morning of the 27th about fifty men appeared at the jail. One of them demanded admission on the plea of identification. Sheriff Kilchner refused admittance to any one while the crowd remained. Thereupon the crowd fell back a few feet. Another formal demand being made a slight demur was made by the deputy sheriff at the door, but this was only a signal for an assault.

The door was broken in despite the resistance of the sheriff. Melee occurred between the officers and the crowd. The mob gained its point. The negro was caught and dragged mercilessly into the open air. The sheriff made a final attempt to regain his prisoner, but he was at once caught and held firmly by three of the party, after having his arm cut in two or three places in his struggles. Diggs was hurried off by the crowd, his ankle chains clanking as he was forced down the road to Darnestown. He was guarded on either side. Diggs seemed to be perfectly cheerful and calm as he was led to the scene of his execution.

He said he was perfectly willing to die. His indifference to his fate awakened surprise even among those who thus took the law in their own hands. Diggs refused to make a confession. Arriving at a point on the road some distance from town, the party met a horse. This had evidently been a preconcerted arrangement by confederates of the crowd, and showed that they were determined that nothing should fail. Opportunity was given for the villain to make peace with his Maker, although he appeared callous to this part of the proceedings.

The necessary ropes were within reach and his arms were pinioned. It was then found that the idea to place the negro on the horse and hang him by running the animal from under him was impractical. The noose was placed around his neck and willing hands lifted his body from the ground. He made but little resistance, evidently knowing from the first that any such effort would be worse than foolish. The body was left hanging. Sheriff Kilchner stated that Diggs made a full confession of the crime to him previous to the jail being forced.

BEAUTY ON A POLE.

As Light as a Cork—A Big Leap—Sport Which Requires Supple Limbs.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Muscular development is one of the most creditable objects that a person can have in view. All out doors sports are receiving greater attention from the young people of America, both male and female, than ever before. The latest device for testing one's agility was introduced to a select few by two or three female gymnasts traveling with a well-known circus. Two stakes in which holes are bored at a certain distance apart are driven into the ground; pegs are put into these holes and a rail is placed thereon. Taking a good strong pole, the feat is to place it at a certain distance from the arrangement, and jump over the rail without kicking it from the pegs. It requires great strength in the arms and suppleness of the body to raise one's self to any great height. And these two qualities the damsels in question, if the spectators are to be believed, possessed. Placed on the highest notch, they sprang over the rail as lightly as deer. No measurement was taken of the distance, so their performance will remain among the unrecorded "wonderful performances."

Second edition of "Glimpses of Gotham" out to-day with new and spicy illustrations. A better selling book than "Nana." Price, 25 cents. The trade supplied direct by the publisher, Richard K. Fox, 183 William street, New York.

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

A Daughter Who Has Been Led Astray by a Vile Relative—An Inferno From Which Hope is Banished—Interesting to Parents.

About a month ago there arrived in the city of Leadville, Col., a young lady, seventeen years of age, possessed of marked beauty of face and form, and of manners decidedly winsome. She had come all the way from Philadelphia unattended, having left home with the full permission of her parents to visit a niece living in Leadville, and supposed to be conducting a respectable millinery establishment there. She was duly met by her niece on alighting from the stage and taken to a house on West Fourth street. Being a complete stranger to all save her friend, she was at first severely puzzled to account for the presence of so many girls in the house, surrounding her with screams of laughter and regarding her as if she were an object of great curiosity; but she was soon made to realize that the place she had unwittingly entered was one of those gilded dens over whose doors might well be written "Who enters here leaves hope behind." It was, indeed, a house of ill-fame, of which her niece was the madame. Repulsive to her at first yet far away from her home and kin, in a city where temptations beset her on all sides, even if she should escape; without money, and her only friend her betrayer, only one course was left the poor girl, and that was to subject herself to the inevitable. Every attention being paid her, and every inducement held out to become a member of the scarlet family into which fate had led her, she finally took the fatal step from which there is no return.

On the second evening of her arrival she was waited upon by a fashionable young man, who induced her to go to a room with him. So stricken was she by the horror of the act she had committed that shame and disgust bound her to her room that night, resisting every effort of her betrayers to draw her from it. Breakfast had to be taken to her by a colored woman the next morning in order to prevent her from carrying out her determination rather to starve herself to death than to return down stairs. By degrees, however, the scenes of shame by which she was constantly surrounded wore off the edges of her sense of modesty and virtue, and apparently acting under a fatal impulse she plunged herself down the giddy vortex of dissipation without care or reserve. Thus the matter stands.

The parents of the unfortunate girl are wholly unconscious of the fate of their child in far off Leadville. Will they ever learn?



MRS. RASHAL, IMPLICATED WITH GRIMM IN THE MURDER OF HER HUSBAND; NOW IN JAIL AT CLEVELAND, O.

TRICKS OF A TENOR.

A Young Woman's Tune, for Which it is Alleged he Pitched the Key.

William W. Ashley, who had been a church singer in this city, and later a member of the Kellogg and Alice Oates Troupe, and who appeared in opera under the name of Warren, was arrested on the 23rd inst., for theft, but the reason of his being followed for four years by detectives is found in the following story, which is as told by a Troy detective:

"Hester Hubbell, a young and attractive girl, lived in Troy, and had saved \$1,000 of her earnings. Ashley sang in the church she attended, and became a suitor for her hand, and under a promise of marriage betrayed her. He prevailed upon her to intrust her savings to him, and then he deserted her. He was tracked to Iliion, Ill., where it was ascertained that he was living with his wife. The officers sent to Iliion with a requisition, learned that he had fled to California. No trace of him could be found until three weeks ago, when Detective Holmes learned that he had come to New York. The detective searched the city for him, but not being able to trace him, he called upon Inspector Murray for help.

When Ashley was asked concerning the story about the young woman, he blandly replied that the whole thing was absurd. He



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.
M'LLIE MARY ALBERT, THEATRE BOUFFES, PARIS—OPERA BOUFFE ARTISTE.

denied having deceived the girl or obtained any money from her.

HORRID HANDFORD.

A Church Scandal in Canada—Criminal Charges Against a Prominent Pulpit Pounder of Toronto.

TORONTO, Ont., July 22.—Particulars have been given in the GAZETTE of a scandal in which the Rev. T. W. Handford, Canada's most popular lecturer and pulpiteer, was concerned; how he was whitewashed and reinstated in the Bond Street Congregational Church, how scandal broke out again, and he was allowed to resign. Since then a new church was started, with him as pastor at an immense salary.

Now comes further shameful developments. The complaining deacons in this charge against Mr. Handford charge him with criminality with one Mrs. —, a grass widow, prepossessing in appearance. When the examination came on this lady had left the city, and the investigating committee tried in vain to induce her to return and give her evidence. She, however, wrote them a letter exonerating Sandford.

The woman recently returned to the city, and finds the church door closed against her. She demands admission, and appears before the deacons and makes a clean breast of it. Her evidence goes to show that Handford induced her to leave the city as soon as the investigating committee was organized, and paid her fare to Rochester, N. Y. He himself wrote the letter for her to the committee, she copying it. She deposes that for two years she has been Handford's concubine, the criminality being indulged both in the church and elsewhere; that they were once discovered and had to pay hush money, that Handford got tired of her, and took up with another woman, the wife of a high-toned commercial man, using her in a like manner; that he supported the first woman as long as she engaged his fancy, but that he would not contribute to her support as soon as he got another, and that he left her *enceinte*, with a blasted character and penniless. She denounces Handford as a heartless scoundrel, and thinks it would be an outrage for such a man to be allowed to open another church in Toronto. These developments have caused tremendous excitement. Handford has a wife and a large family.

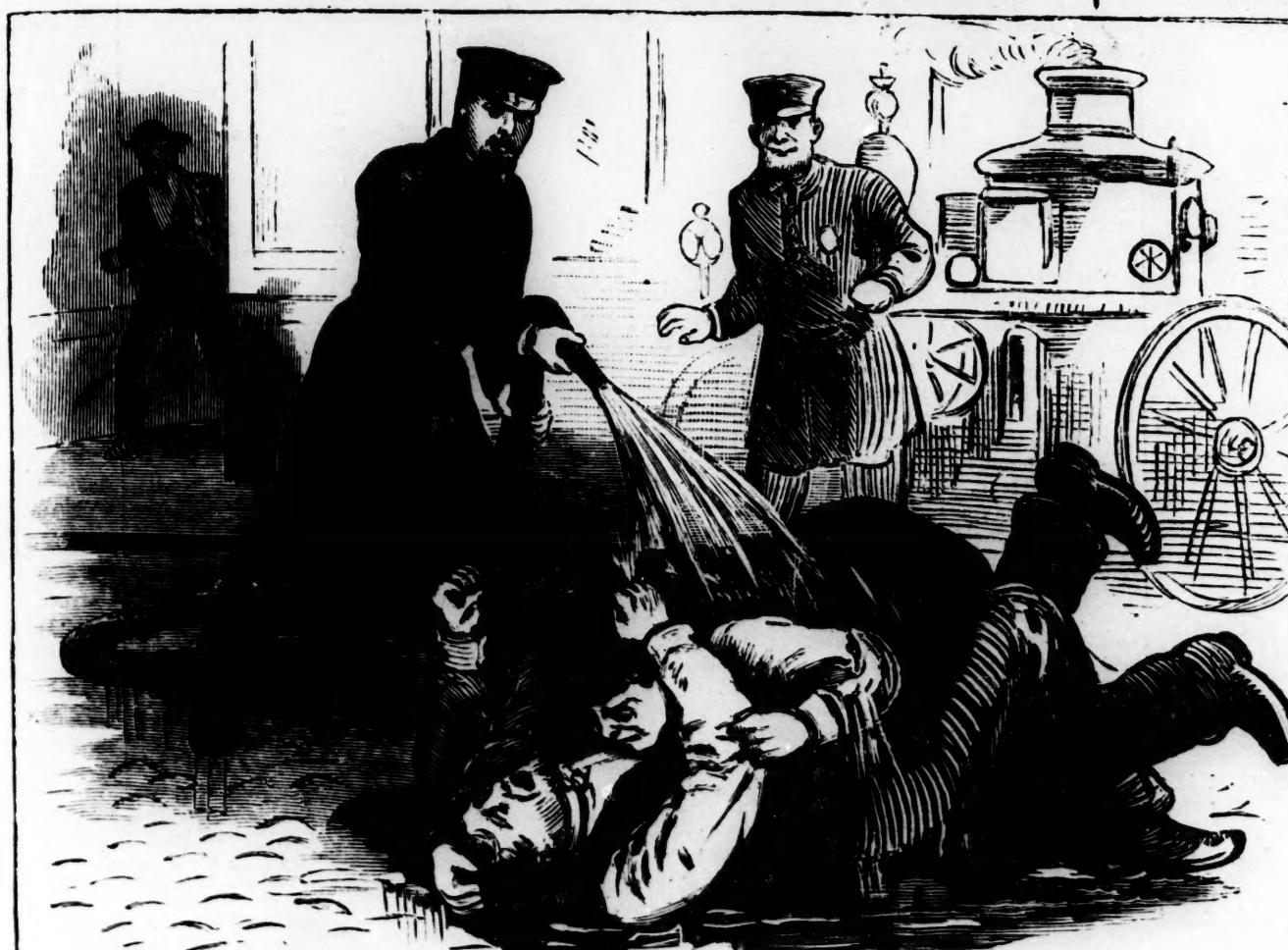
WATER AS A PEACE-MAKER.

How Two Officers Squelched a Riot, and Made Two Maulers Think Another Flood had Come.

[Subject of Illustration.]
The New Haven police don't believe in the club



PAUL GRIMM, PARAMOUR OF MRS. RASHAL, AND ACCESSORY TO HER HUSBAND'S MURDER; NEAR CLEVELAND, O.



WATER VS. THE CLUB AS A PEACE-MAKER—A COUPLE OF NEW HAVEN, CONN., POLICEMEN PUT A STOP TO A THREATENED RIOT BY FLOODING TWO MUSCULAR BRUIERS WITH WATER FROM A FIRE ENGINE.

as a peace-maker. One day last week a fire occurred, and quite a crowd gathered to witness it. After the fire had been put out, two young men to keep up the excitement started a fight, in which their respective friends took a lively interest. It bade fair, if not stopped, to develop into a riot. With that quickness to grapple with an emergency characteristic of the Down-Easter, two or three of the policemen present ordered an engine to start up steam, and grabbing the hose, turned on a stream of water on the combatants that came near drowning them. They at once let up, and commenced a scramble for shore under the impression, evidently, that the deluge had come again. The angry feelings of the mob were cooled off by visions of a prospective bath, and the fighters were taken in.

Fred. Erb, Jr., Defiant.

QUINCY, Ill., July 26.—Fred. Erb, Jr., of St. Joe, after being defeated, has challenged W. B. Hanworth to another match for a stake of from \$100 to \$500, to take place at St. Joe, St. Louis or Quincy. Mr. Hanworth has accepted. The match is to come off at St. Joseph, Mo., August 12, for \$200 a side. Young Erb is constantly improving in his use of the rifle, his defeat by Barndus only serving to spur him up to greater perfection. Great interest is felt in the above match.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP.

A Marriage Which Did Not Take Place.
A Gay Clerical Deceiver—How His Well-Laid Plan Went Aglee—“Kiss the Baby, Frank.”

[Subject of Illustration.]

The community of Fairland, Indiana, is convulsed with a social sensation in which the chief figures are a reverend rascal, a deserted wife and sundry sentimental damsels, who had become enamored of the party of the first part, and were matrimonially inclined toward him. The affair has just come to a climax, but the details cover a period of several months, and are sufficiently interesting and dramatic to be related in full.

Last fall there arrived in Fairland a stranger, who announced that his name was Frank Mitchell. Apparently he was about thirty years of age, affable in manners and quite prepossessing in personal appearance. Mr. Mitchell stated that he was a Baptist minister in good standing from Ripley county, this state, and was anxious to be received into fellowship by the brethren around Fairland. The reverend gentleman was promptly embraced, and soon became an active worker in the fold. He first took up his residence with Mrs. Kate Bass, an interesting and well-to-do widow, owning a farm near Fairland, and vibrated between her house and the residence of her son, Benjamin Bass. Mr. Mitchell did not seem to be very well “heeled” financially, and occasionally lent a hand about the farm by way of liquidating board bills and accumulating a little spare cash. But the astute divine had his eye on much better things than these menial employments, as the sequel showed, and was maneuvering for a big catch in the social world. Not long after his arrival a religious revival commenced at Fairland. Mr. Mitchell took an active part with the brothers and sisters, sang with the most enthusiastic, shouted with the loudest and said “Amen” with the gusto of the most venerable member. But this was not all. The enthusiastic exhorter from Ripley soon became a favorite with the fair sex and paid especial attention to the tender ewe lambs of the flock. He made it his business to accompany one of them home regularly, and, in slang parlance, was regarded by the young ladies as a great catch and a decided “masher.” Finally he singled out a luscious little beauty, just arrived at the susceptible age of sweet sixteen, and a member of the best society, besides having “great expectations” financially. Having made his choice, the Rev. Mr. Mitchell addressed himself with utmost devotion to this young charmer, and she in return “just doted” on her pious beau. To make a long story short, they became “engaged.” So endeth the first lesson.

Thus matters stood until two evenings ago, when Mr. Mitchell, in the kindness of his heart and the neighborly disposition that characterized him, was at the farm of Mr. Richard McDonald, two miles west of Fairland, assisting that gentleman to thresh wheat. The same day there arrived at Fairland, on the early morning train, a sad-faced, respectable-looking lady. She carried a young child in her arms, looked care-



KISS THE BABY, FRANK.—A CLERICAL DON JUAN, WHO CLAIMED THAT HE WAS A SINGLE MAN, IS CONFRONTED BY HIS WIFE AND CHILD, AND FORCED TO KISS THE LATTER AND ADMIT HIMSELF A SCOUNDREL; FAIRLAND, IND.

worn and distressed, and made anxious inquiries for Frank Mitchell, who she said was her lawful husband. Several citizens, among the number Mr. Louis Barngrover, volunteered to conduct the unhappy lady to the place where her liege lord then was. Arrived there, he was found on top of the stack, and was told a friend wished to see him. Suspecting nothing, Mitchell promptly responded, and before he knew it was confronted with the pale and reproving face of the newly-arrived lady. Mr. Barngrover remarked, sarcastically: “Mr. Mitchell, here’s your wife! Shake hands with her.” Mitchell drew back in great surprise, turned pale and strenuously denied the relationship. The newcomer insisted, however, advancing incontestable evidence of her marital rights, until the reverend rascal wilted and acknowledged his wicked conduct. This did not quite satisfy the waggish Barngrover, who insisted that the truant husband should kiss the baby before the whole crowd. This he did rather sheepishly, and shortly afterward the trio left the ground for Fairland. Taking a private conveyance there, they went to Shelbyville, and on the same night departed on the cars for their home in the distant county of Ripley. Thus ended the foray of the Rev. Frank Mitchell into the ancient county of Shelby, and his checkered career among her fascinating damsels.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

Transformation That Drew a Secret Out of a Companion—A Surprise.

There is a story told of a lady and gentleman traveling together on an English railway. They were strangers to each other. Suddenly the gentleman said:

“Madame, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes; I am going to make some changes in my wearing apparel.”

“Certainly, sir,” she replied, with great politeness, rising and turning her back upon him. In a short time he said:

“Now, madame, my change is completed, and you may resume your seat.”

When the lady turned she beheld her male companion transformed into a dashing lady with a heavy veil over her face.

“Now, sir, or madame, whichever you are,” said the lady, “I must trouble you to look out of the window, for I also have some changes to make in my apparel.”

“Certainly, madame,” said the gentleman in ladies’ attire, who immediately complied.

“Now, sir, you may resume your seat.”

To his great surprise, on resuming his seat, the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion transformed into a man. He laughed and said:

“It appears that we are both anxious to escape recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank.”

“And I,” said the whilom lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion’s wrists with a pair of handcuffs, “I am Detective J—, of Scotland Yard, and in female apparel have shadowed you for two days—now,” drawing a revolver, “keep still.”



WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AND PLEASED EVERYBODY—IF THE SEA LIONS THAT ESCAPED FROM THE BRIGHTON BEACH AQUARIUM HAD TAKEN ALL THE SHORT HAIR, STRONG-MINDED WOMEN IN AMERICA ALONG WITH THEM.—SEE PAGE 10 FOR DESCRIPTION OF A SENSATIONAL EVENT.

"HERE'S TO YOU!"

A New Specific, Warranted to Cure
Every Ill That Flesh is
Heir to.

PUMPING THE FESTIVE GOAT

Up in "Dublin" Among the Rocks,
Pigs and Children.

"IT BEATS A COCKTAIL, MY DEAR."

[Subject of Illustration.]

We have had all sorts of fashions in the bolstering of battered constitutions here in New York, from the old-time rage for animal magnetism and electro-chemical baths down to guzzling hot blood in the abattoirs, as a specific against consumption. And it must be said to our credit that when we do go in for a new style of constitutional propping we go in for it after the good old Yankee fashion of the entire porker or not even a spare rib.

In the present instance it is the entire goat, but the simile holds all the same, except, perhaps, for the horns. I was taking my usual constitutional up Eighth avenue in the region of the Park, the other morning, when I tumbled to it through the simple process of its tumbling to me.

Or rather of a young lady in a very tony get-up describing a parabola from a rock—on the summit of which is perched one of the country seats for which a certain class of New Yorkers pay no rent—to the gutter, while a goat of the William variety and whole sal dimensions gave vent to a blast of triumph, and wagged his horns from the verge of the cliff.

The man who wouldn't help a fallen angel out of the gutter, especially if she is pretty, don't deserve his name, and I was establishing a title to mine when a carriage driven by a liveried coachman came rattling up.

"I told you to look out for that there Billy, ma'am," observed the Harvey with respectful severity. "He's a born devil, he is, and there ain't no worse no where."

"If I had eyes in the back of my head I might have looked out for him," was the impatient reply. "If you cannot find me a place where there are none of those dreadful brutes I must find some one who can. Do you understand?"

"This here's the thirty-third, ma'am," he ventured, expostulating, "the thirty-third we's tried."

"I have reason to know it."

"And they all has Billys."

"Well, there must be one that hasn't, and you've got to find it, for I must have my milk. Drive home. I am very much obliged to you, sir."

The carriage melted into a cloud of summer dust, with the Billy goat prancing on the cliff and butting furiously at imaginary foes until he lost his balance and tumbled off, leaving me to ponder on the mysterious connection between Shantytown and Murray Hill, between private coupes, liveried coachmen and the ravaging destroyer of play-bills, and the susceptibilities and trouser seats of small boys.

While I was pondering I observed a female figure attired in all the elegance of the latest fashion precipitately descending the steep and rugged path from another shanty, while a fat gentleman behind her walked backwards and gave battle with his gold-headed cane to a goat almost as big as a lion and quite as savage.

It was a game of fence which would have done credit to a master-at-arms, and it ended by the goat's parrying a thrust, twisting the cane out of its owner's hands with his horns and then butting the obese gentleman in the stomach.

That person collapsed like a bursted toy balloon and rolled down the rock into a patch of thistles; but the young lady was fortunately on *terra firma*, and made a break for freedom with the goat at her heels till I stunned him with a fragment of his native rock and he laid down to meditate.

His intended victim, who was evidently of a romantic temperament, threw up her arms after the most approved *New York Ledger* fashion, screaming:

"Saved! Saved!"

And fainted in the arms of a prim coachman who appeared, as the other one had, suddenly and with the not-a-bit-surprised air of a man who had known that something like this was going to happen all along.

It was this personage I took the liberty of addressing while he laid the young lady out on a grass patch, and he replied:

"It's the goat's milk, sir."

"What is the goat's milk?"

"They comes here to drink it, sir."

"Well!"

"Every morning, sir."

"Yes."

"And the Billys seems to know as they is kept separate from the Nans on that account, so they takes it out of 'em. Ugh! Goat's milk, by gosh!"

"But what do they drink it for?"

The prim coachman grinned till all of his face disappeared but his mouth and chin, and then replied with sudden solemnity:

"For stren't', sir. The mere ideer!"

. And then he went to help the fat gentleman who had commenced to roll around in the thistle bed till he was stuck so full of spines that he might have passed for a natural pin-cushion.

I saw more than one private carriage during the remainder of my stroll in the highlands and by ways of Shantytown, and in every case I noticed that the driver was on the alert, with his eye fixed on the crag on which some particular squatter mansion was located, with his whip firmly gripped and the reins well in hand.

Only one was recreant to his trust.

He had tied his fat bay horses up to a lamp-post, much to the disgust of those superior animals, who resented this proletarian method of confining them as an insult, and gone into a one-storyed frame house architecturally shaped something like a coffin for the Cardiff Giant, to get a drink.

He was on his sixth alleged whiskey and deep in a game of Sancho Pedro with some tollers on the big pipes who were taking a day off, when I found him, and in reply to my question if he wasn't afraid that something might happen while he was squandering time in this fashion, he remarked that—

"It might happen and be damn'd!"

"One might infer from that observation, my gallant Phœbus," I said with my usual deference to the code of civility, "that you are, so to speak, displeased."

"You might infer worse an' not be far off either," replied my friend. "You git bundled out o' bed an' driv up to this God-forsaken neighborhood at daylight every day a month, an' fight buckin' goats an' all jest because such d—d fools thinks that drinkin' goat's milk's goin' to do 'em more good than goin' to bed at the right time and eatin' Christian grub, an' see how you likes it. Gimme another soak, old woman. Bust my crust if she can't have herself butted inside out afore I interfere."

I didn't see it, but to judge from the noise I heard among the rocks, if the person to whom that voice belonged was she, she was having something like the performance the coachman hinted at gone through with.

You have probably discovered by this time what the newest agony in the constitutional way to which New York is devoting itself is.

The Romans rose from their debauches for a bath of asses' milk and considered themselves prepared for a new deal when they were dried down, and the profligate lords of the French court under Louis the Sixteenth shattered their constitutions in nightly orgies and spent the day reviving themselves in the elixir vitae whose liquid virtues Mr. Joseph Balsamo coined into substantial gold. In fact, in all ages, and perhaps even generations, some specific has recommended itself to popular favor as a counteract of the ills men and women bring upon themselves by abuses of their faculties and the irregularity of their touch.

Take the one with which we have to deal at present, for instance.

Up to a few years ago the only sphere of usefulness the goat was believed to fill was that of devouring everything from waste paper to boil or iron it came across, and even this humble gift was regarded with disfavor by bill-posters and gentlemen who resided in capricious districts and had their morning papers left on door-sill.

He was, in short, a buzzard among the brutes.

Then some ingenious German recollects that in his own country goat's milk is a medicine held in much esteem for weakly children, and that fluid began to be peddled in a modest way about our streets, sometimes the fountain of supply itself being led along by a rope big enough to confine an elephant, with a brawny woman or a man with a pipe at the other end, who milked it at the customer's own door.

But one day last spring a young actress of national fame who had been enjoying life for some years at the expense of her constitution applied to a physician to have her broken vitality patched up.

The man of pills and potions comprehended her case without a diagnosis, but he could not prescribe the only cure for it, decent hours and sufficient rest, for he knew the remedy would not be honored.

So on the spur of inspiration he asked:

"Have you ever drank goat's milk?"

"Why, what a question! Of course not."

"Then you are saved. Take a carriage every morning at sunrise or before, drive out among the squatters and have them draw the milk fresh for you. Then, instead of going back to bed, take a drive through the park and have your sleep out in the cab if necessary."

Next morning the patient was called, got up, went yawningly up-town with the rising sun, forced a tumbler of goat's milk down and slept her ride through, according to order. But it was such a task to go to bed at four and rise at six that next night she retired an hour earlier and drank two glasses. Within a week she was consuming goat's milk because she liked it and actually going to bed at twelve, eating breakfast at 10 A. M.

Of course the news of this discovery got abroad, first among the profession, then in the circles of that high-toned society which looks down with such disdain upon the sisters of the stage it never loses a chance to ape, and before long an era of prosperity dawned on the colonists of the rock settlements, the adventurers who found their dwellings knocked together out of dry goods boxes and waste tin and sheet iron on our up-town city lots and club the owners when they venture to hint at such a thing as rent or removal.

This irruption of fashion in the squalid shanties of Squatter's town grew steadily in extent until half the world of metropolitan fashion may be found at an hour when the cook is yet in bed, emptying tin cups full of steaming goat's milk in the yards or the combination parlor kitchen and bed rooms of Duck Hollow and Haggerty Hill.

Some even, for whom the edge of the novelty has worn off, revive their flagging interest by doing their own milking, and many a pair of sixteen button Jourvin's goes into the waste basket for the sake of a dime cup of milk for the privilege of which the drawer pays double.

The only kickers against this condition of affairs are the coachmen and the goats, or rather the male members of the latter favored family.

The former take it out in a verbal way, but, as has been observed, the latter go into it headlong.

The fact is that since his spouse has been discovered to possess such curative virtue, Don Guillermo Capricornus has been in a great measure deprived of her society and services, her owners keeping her confined in state and actually feeding her with real grass and hay in order that the precious supply of liquid may not fail.

That he should be left lonely no doubt was a sufficient ground for dissatisfaction with Capricornus, but that the distinction should be made in the matter of food under favor of that milk and water huzzay without a horn worth talking about was too much for the best tempered and longest suffering goat to bear and he rose in his outraged might, and started on the warpath.

But with the prospect held forth by the revivifying draught, he bars the way to the most delicate ladies, who would faint at the shadow of a stuffed mouse, brave the bearded Billy in his lair, and the admirers and flunkies who serve them as protectors can never complain of want of exercise as long as goat's milk continues a popular beverage.

Which will probably be until Billy scores one for himself on the record of the Devil, and Miss McFlimsey makes a trip to Greenwood with a broken neck.

QUICK JUSTICE.

A SUITOR'S JEALOUS LOVE, AND THE CRIME WHICH IT MADE HIM COMMIT—JUDGE LYNCH TAKES A HAND IN THE GAME, AND COMES OUT WINNER.

A terrible tragedy occurred a short time since at Maricopa, Arizona, the particulars of which are as follows:

A Mexican, of very good character, by the name of Fernando Sublate, in the employ of the Central Arizona Mining Company, residing at the Vulture mine, had a daughter fifteen years old, very pretty and interesting, of excellent manners. This young lady naturally had many admirers, one Raymond Garcia being evidently the foreone. On the day mentioned, Jose Maria Salazar, a disappointed suitor, aged about twenty-five years, together with three of his friends, commenced drinking early in the day, and it was not long before they were intoxicated and became very noisy, several times visiting the house where the young lady lived. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon they all went there again, but the three spoken of soon left, Salazar remaining talking to the young lady, and another man who had joined them in their carousal standing some distance off. It appears that the girl happened to be alone in the house, with the exception of a younger sister about seven years old, who was in the kitchen. The girl was at the time seated, Mexican fashion, on the ground near the door, engaged in sewing. While thus conversing with her, Salazar drew a small pistol from his bosom, and, pointing it at the head of his victim, fired, the bullet entering the middle of her forehead, inflicting a fatal wound.

The scoundrel must, after the shooting, have clasped his victim to his arms, as his shirt-sleeves and bosom were covered with blood when he was apprehended, later in the evening. The other man who was standing some distance off, hurried up as fast as his drunken state would admit, and got the pistol from the cowardly murderer, who immediately fled. Some time elapsed before any alarm was given, a little Mexican boy about eight years old being the first to call attention to the girl, gasping on the ground in her death agony.

The whole camp was soon in commotion, and men started out on foot and on horseback in pursuit of the monster, and it was not till 6 o'clock in the evening that he was caught and brought in. Immediately therupon the miners and others in the camp collected and had an impromptu trial of the assassin, who at first denied committing the act, but on the evidence of the Mexican, who said he saw him fire the fatal shot, Salazar confessed and said he was ready to die. He was at once condemned to be hanged, and it did not take long to erect a gallows, composed of three scantlings tied together at the top. The criminal was placed on a box, the noose put over his neck, the box taken away, and he fell over sideways, dangling from the end of the rope.

He died apparently without a struggle, and was thus sent to his last account with the full approbation of all assembled, Americans as well as Mexicans, with the exception of his three friends before mentioned. These were, later in the evening, taken into custody, and were next morning warned to leave the camp, which they did.

It afterward transpired that their intention had been to also kill Raymond Garcia, but through the premature action of Salazar the girl was the only victim. Quick retribution had followed his dastardly crime, for he had been arrested, tried, and hung within five hours after committing the murder.

Next morning both bodies were laid in the ground, the young and innocent victim followed to her grave by all the inhabitants of the place, deeply sympathizing with her sad fate and the sorrow of her stricken father and brothers. The whole affair was carried on by the people very calmly and without any undue excitement, all joining in strong condemnation of the dastardly crime.

Second edition of "Glimpses of Gotham" out to-day with new and spicy illustrations. A better selling book than "Nana." Price, 25 cents. The trade supplied direct by the publisher, Richard K. Fox, 183 William street, New York.

THE CITY OF SCANDALS.

A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE MUDDLE, WHICH CAN BE SETTLED FOR \$10,000—PRESTON AND HIS POP—AND BOYNTON AND HIS MASH.

The City of Churches is never at a loss for scandal to enliven those of her inhabitants whom the religious antics of a *Talmud* and the confused rhetoric of a Beecher have thrown into a state of comparative despondency. The latest affair in this line concerns two worthy citizens, one, Mr. Albert M. Boynton, of 254 Tompkins avenue, and the other Mr. John H. Preston, of 174 Kosciusko street, as well as the latter's wife, Mrs. Jemima Preston.

The story as told by several of Mr. Preston's neighbors is a pathetic one, and deserves being told in full.

Seventeen years ago, it appears, John H. Preston, a handsome young man of twenty-two years, was united in wedlock with Miss Jemima Spriggs, aged fifteen. The couple seemed especially suited for one another, so great was their reciprocal love and tenderness, which only increased as years rolled on. Ten months after marriage a child was born to Jemima, and before another three years had elapsed the happy father counted three more chicks around his family table.

The household duties and the care and worry attending them did not appear to have had any bad effect on Jemima's looks and physique, for from a frail and delicate girl that she had been, she even became in time a buxom and attractive woman. This mature beauty of hers, so much admired by a certain class of men, was destined to withstand for a long time the temptations daily laid across its path, and not until the sublime and Adonis-like form of Albert M. Boynton bent his knees in adoration of this modern Cleopatra, did Jemima feel herself vanquished. The Preston family was at that time occupying a fine set of apartments in DeKalb avenue, and living comfortably on the very respectable earnings of the paterfamilias who, after passing the day at his office, invariably returned each evening at 7 o'clock to the domestic hearth.

Preston was engaged in the coal trade, and about a year ago became acquainted with Boynton, in a club of which both men were members. The superficial acquaintance soon developed into intimacy, and before they had known each other three months Preston invited his club friend to a family dinner. It was on this occasion already, that, struck by the winning manners and the personal attractions of Boynton, Mrs. Preston, after seventeen years of married life, became infatuated with another man beside her husband. Boynton, it is to be presumed, was not insensible to the commotion he had produced in this ardent woman's heart, for a few days later he succeeded in crowning his "mash" by a secret interview with her in Tompkins Park. But the indiscretion of the two did not end here. For some reason or other, Boynton insisted upon being received at Mrs. Preston's residence during the "old man's" absence, and when his request was granted he renewed his visits so frequently that the fact soon became the talk of the neighborhood.

In the meanwhile Preston, in sweet ignorance of this state of affairs, would often invite his club friend to dinner half an hour after the latter had left the house in DeKalb avenue. All the current whisperings, however, might have done nothing toward bringing this matter to a solution had not Boynton, by his imprudence, betrayed both himself and his mistress. Under the impression that the "old man" would not return home during the daytime, he sent a letter to Mrs. Preston announcing his visit for that afternoon, in endearing terms. Preston, who happened to be on the stoop when the postman came, received the letter, and upon opening the same the dreadful truth was at once revealed to him. frantic with anger and despair he rushed to the nearest gun-store, bought a pistol, and awaited feverishly the moment of his wrong-doer's coming. At the appointed time Boynton arrived at the house and was ushered into the sitting-room by Mrs. Preston herself. There the dishonored husband found his unfaithful spouse fondly embracing her lover, and with a trembling hand fired the contents of his pistol at the latter. Boynton escaped unharmed, however, but when Preston was tried a few weeks later for attempt to murder, he was unanimously acquitted on the ground of being of unsound mind at the time of the occurrence.

Since then the poor man has never recovered from the shock of that terrible discovery, and what is more, the conviction has gained on him that his wife's affections are forever lost. In consequence of this he sued Albert M. Boynton the other day to recover \$10,000 damages for having alienated his wife's love. Justice Moore granted an order of arrest, and on Tuesday Boynton was arrested and sent to Kings County Jail in default of bail.

A GOOD ROOST.

A HEN WHO HAD A FONDNESS FOR BALD PATES.

[Subject of Illustration.] Bridget Riley, with a covered basket on her arm, was arraigned in Troy police court a few days since on the charge of stealing a hen valued at twenty-five cents from Mary Halligan. The testimony was conflicting, and it was finally decided to release the bird and see whether it would answer the call of complainant or defendant. The cover of the basket was removed, and the subject of dispute rose gracefully in the air, while Mrs. Halligan, in a rich contralto, and Mrs. Riley, in a sweet mezzo soprano, performed a charming duet, of which the words were "Chick, chick, chick, chick, chick." To the surprise of court and contestants, the biped poised on the wing a moment, slowly descended upon the bald pate of a well known lawyer and peeped its delight. Under the circumstances there was nothing for Justice Griffith to do but to dismiss the case and rap for order, while Mrs. Riley thrust the intelligent chicken into the basket and departed in triumph.

THE OLD RASCAL.

A Grass Widow Spreads Her Net and Catches "One of Our Most Respected Citizens."

THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME, ETC.

A Marriage Which Put a Young Woman in a Mood for Telling Tales.

BEWARE OF WIDOWS' WILES.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., July 27.—The people of Noble and Jackson townships, in the southern portion of county, are just now indulging in the luxury of a savory social scandal involving some of the best known citizens. The *dramatis persona* are a wealthy widow with a large family, one of those fascinating specimens of femininity denominated "grass widows," with irate parents and horror-struck neighbors as scene-shifters, spectators and supporting company. The details of the affair will be unfolded in the following narrative:

Among other children of Mr. Robert Myers, who lives near Geneva, in this county, is a daughter who acts the principal part in this story. Formerly Miss Sallie E. Myers, she is now Mrs. McKinsey, having married two years ago, when she was just eighteen. The wedded life of the couple, however, did not prove a happy one, as Mr. McKinsey turned out to be a worthless scamp, and basely deserted his wife after living with her a very short time. Shortly after his departure a child was born to the forsaken spouse, and she was thus left an interesting young widow at the age of twenty-two to support the burdens and cares of life all alone. Notting daunted, Mrs. McKinsey struck out boldly for herself, and did very well until she again fell a victim to the wicked wiles of the male sex. For some time she made her home with Mrs. Rebecca Jones, a step sister, until last fall, when she was offered and accepted what her relatives regarded as a most eligible offer. This was nothing else than to become housekeeper for Mr. Noah Scott, a wealthy farmer of the adjoining township of Jackson.

Mr. Scott was at that time a widower, with a large family of children, including several grown daughters. He was regarded as a very moral, industrious and upright man, and, being possessed of a large share of this world's goods, in the shape of a fine farm and residence, was looked on with covetous eyes by managing mammas and matrimonially inclined young ladies. About ten months ago Mrs. McKinsey, mellowed with sorrow and clad in the traditional widow's weeds, with white collar and cuffs, was duly installed as mistress of the Scott mansion. Everything seemed to go along peacefully for a good while, when suddenly one day the young widow hastily bundled up and hurriedly departed for her former home.

Exactly what transpired between the sedate widower and the demure housekeeper—what, if any, promises he made to the ear only to break to the hope; what were the relations between them and what the cause of the sudden rupture—can, of course, not be definitely known, but they can be very well divined from subsequent procedures and the statements of the lady, brought about by the pressure of circumstances. Shortly after she left his house, and about six weeks ago, Mr. Jesse Scott led to the altar and married a young lady of his neighborhood who was much his junior, having only reached sixteen summers. It was not long after that interesting event until there was an explosion about his ears. In fact, Mr. Scott had not yet completed his honeymoon when trouble grew upon him thick and fast. To make a long story short and bring matters to a crisis, Mrs. McKinsey had returned home in a decidedly "interesting" condition. This state of facts she hardly admit to herself, and studiously concealed from her parents until it was no longer possible to hide her shame.

When the truth became known she was earnestly pressed—in fact, was commanded by her parents to disclose the name of the author of her ruin. This the unhappy girl stubbornly refused to do. She seemed determined to protect her betrayer to the last, and at all hazards, with that unselfish devotion so peculiar to woman. Finally, the "cruel parents" adopted the expedient of threats, and resolved to frighten their daughter into telling the truth, and informed her that unless the whole story was laid bare she should immediately be banished from home and allowed to starve, or go into the poor-house. In the face of this dreadful fate Mrs. McKinsey at length wailed, and sobbingly alleged that Mr. Jesse Scott was the cause of all her woes and the father of her unborn child. The weeping woman was taken before Squire William T. Thornburg, and embodied the charges in complaint against Scott for bastardy, to all which she was duly sworn. The Magistrate sent his Constable, Reuben Hendricks, to bring the defendant before him, to answer the offended majesty of the law and render satisfaction to the fair complainant. Mr. Scott was promptly arrested and brought before Thornburg's august tribunal. Not being exactly ready for trial, and much taken by surprise at the hasty summons, craved a little time to look into matters and prepare for his defense. He was allowed a few days, and was required to execute

a bond in the penalty of \$500 for his appearance for trial at that time. Meantime the gossips are agog at the scandalous exposures, and two neighborhoods are dreadfully shocked at the sinful doings of such well-known citizens. The young wife and children of the defendant are especially indignant, and declare in one voice that papa is innocent and totally incapable of such wicked carryings on. Altogether it is a very savory social morceau as it stands, and it would seem that there are prospects of still more interesting installments.

RIPPLES FROM INDIANA.

A Place that Can be Relied on to Furnish a Good Batch of Weekly Wickedness.

The town of Russiaville, Ind., has on general occasions figured in the columns of the GAZETTE as the seat of rural scandal of large proportions. Just at present the people of that lively place have two cases on hand which are fairly stirring up the depths of society.

The first had its denouement last week by the startling announcement that Miss Ida Middleton, the beautiful and accomplished seventeen-year-old daughter of David Middleton, had given birth to an illegitimate child, to the general public, although the finger of suspicion points in the direction of a certain well-known young man, who was conspicuous for his sudden disappearance a few months since from his native health. The betrayed girl-mother denied, up to within a few hours of her accouchement, that anything was wrong, and even now refuses to give the name of the father of her child. Her motive for thus shielding the scoundrel is supposed to be based on the fact that his whereabouts at present are unknown to her and hence the revelation of his name at this time would only serve to put him on his guard and prevent his arrest. The parents of the wayward girl are wealthy and highly respectable; they are members of the Quaker Church, and reside on a fine farm, one and a half miles east of Russiaville.

The other escapade is deserving of notice only on account of its ludicrousness. On last Monday a woman giving her name as Mary E. Harding applied to Justice B. B. Richards for advice for the proper course to pursue to obtain justice against one who had grossly violated the laws, to the great detriment of her moral and physical well-being. She claimed that one Warren Luke had seduced her under the promise of marriage, and that he had failed to fill his part of the contract, and she wanted to make him "sweat for his dastardly conduct." The Squire referred her to lawyer Freeman Cooper, who quickly saw it to his own best interests to turn her case to Dr. J. W. Cooper. Mr. Cooper told her the thing to do was to file an affidavit against her destroyer charging him with seduction, which she did, to his gain and her discomfiture. Before the case came to trial the defendant concluded the shortest way out of the trouble was to marry the "persecutor," but while preparing to go to Kokomo to get the marriage license he suddenly bethought himself that Miss Mollie was not a Miss at all but a Mrs., and her husband still living in Missouri, and liable at any hour to lay legal claim to her hand if not to her heart; therefore he changed his opinion and told the Squire to proceed with the trial. His attorney, Freeman Cooper, moved to quash the affidavit on these grounds: 1. That it alleged the affiant to be under twenty-one years of age, in which case the affidavit would have to be made by her next friend. 2. That the affiant could not legally file an affidavit in her maiden name, she at the time being a married woman. The Court sustained the motion to quash, and the prisoner was set free. An attempt was immediately made to procure his arrest under another charge, but during the delay in getting out the necessary warrant for his arrest he profited by the opportunity and skipped out.

A FASHIONABLE WOMAN'S PRAYER.

Young Men of the Love-Lorn Type Will Please Read, and See What They are Getting.

Strengthen my husband, and may his faith and his money hold out to the last.

Draw the lamb's wool of unsuspicious twilight over his eyes, that flirtation may look to him like victories, and that my bills may strengthen his pride in me.

Bless, oh fortune! my crimp, rats and frizzles, and let thy glory shine on my paint and powder.

Enable the poor to shift for themselves, and save me from all missionary beggars.

Shed the light of thy countenance on my camel's hair shawl, my lavender silk, my point lace, and my necklace of diamonds, and keep the moth out of my sables, I beseech thee, oh fortune!

When I walk out before the gaze of vulgar men, regulate my wriggle, and add new grace to gait.

When I bow myself to worship, grant that I may do it with ravishing elegance, and preserve unto the last the lily white of my flesh and the taper of my fingers.

Destroy mine enemies with the gall of jealousy, and eat up with the teeth of envy all those who gaze at my style.

Save me from wrinkles, and foster my plumpers.

Fill both my eyes, oh fortune! with the plaintive poison of infatuation, that I may lay out my victim—the men—as numb as images graven.

Let the lily and the rose strive together on my cheek, and may my neck swim like a goose on the bosom of crystal water.

Enable me, oh, fortune! to wear shoes still a little smaller, and save me from corns and bunions.

Bless Fanny, my lap-dog, and rain down hail-stones of destruction on those who shall hurt a hair of Hector, my kitten.

Smile, oh, fortune! most sweetly upon Dick, my canary, and watch with the fondness of a spirit over my two lily white mice with red eyes.

CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN.

A Thrilling History of a Fearful Crime—A Discovery Which Led to the Solution of a Mystery—Men Who Held Life at a Cheap Rate.

and daughter occupied the same bed. One night they heard the husband in the nurse's room, and the next morning they asked him what he was doing there. He answered:

"I spilled some ink on my pantaloons, and I wanted nurse to wipe it off."

"It was a pretty time of night," his mother-in-law replied, "for you to spill ink on your pantaloons, and to seek the services of a domestic to remove the stain."

He wore the same pantaloons which he did the night before, and there were no signs of an ink-stain upon them. A few days afterward plaintiff's mother went to the nursery very early in the morning. She opened the door without ceremony, and found the defendant there in a very light costume. The nurse turned her back, and both seemed confused.

"Why, Paul," the mother-in-law exclaimed, "you here at this hour, and in this condition?"

"I am only waiting for the baby to wake up," said he with as cool an air as he could assume.

The baby at this time was sound asleep in its crib. A few mornings later the plaintiff's mother again went to the nursery and found the defendant there, and in a similar state of undress. As he saw her enter he sat down on a trunk, and the nurse looked out of the window.

"What are you doing here, Paul?" his mother-in-law asked.

"I am waiting for the baby to wake up," he replied.

On her quitting the nursery she told her daughter what she had seen, and on the defendant's coming down to breakfast both of them reproached him for his conduct.

The plaintiff testified to the marriage and the birth of the child. She said that she was perfectly able to maintain the child, and that her husband had no means, and had never supported either her or their offspring.

The referee reported in favor of the plaintiff, and a decree of absolute divorce has been entered.

SORRY THAT HE DID IT.

The Familiarity of a Pennsylvania Farmer and the Trouble it Has Caused Him.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 27.—Rev. George T. McClelland, a United Presbyterian minister, located in Allegheny City, has been undergoing great trials and tribulations during the past few days. Rev. McClelland is a young and handsome man, and went to Reynoldsville, in Jefferson county, this state, to conduct religious meetings. He went to the house of Elder Kelso and made his quarters there. He was hospitably entertained by the Elder, and everything went along smoothly until after dinner, when Elder Kelso suddenly attacked his reverend guest, punched him several times in the face, at the same time accusing him of having made improper advances toward his wife, who had just informed him of the fact.

The affair became known to members of the church, and caused a big sensation. The minister, who had conducted a large and interesting meeting, took up the line of march for the depot, and on the way was again attacked by the irate husband, and was again punched in the face.

Your correspondent got wind of the episode given above, and called on Mr. McClelland to get his story.

He recited the facts given above, and then said: "You can say that the story of my making improper advances is altogether false. I was sitting in one room in the house of Elder Kelso, and the door was open. I looked across the hall and saw Mrs. Kelso, who is a fine, voluptuous woman, sitting in the sitting-room. She was looking across the hall at me. She then made a sound with her mouth as if she was kissing some one passionately. [Here the reverend gentleman gave an imitation of the sound.] She then invited me into her room, and I went. We sat down, and she was playing with a white pocket-handkerchief, which she twisted and folded into a diamond shape. [Here the reverend gentleman placed the ends of his thumbs and index-fingers in juxtaposition in illustration.]

"We then conversed together for a few minutes, and I placed my hand on her leg, and she made a resistance."

"Don't you think that was slightly improper?" queried your correspondent.

"Well, I wish now that I had not done it, and that I had gone to a hotel instead of Kelso's. I have been preaching in Western Pennsylvania for the past nine years, and no charge has yet been made against me. I understand that the Presbytery will investigate this matter."

Your correspondent saw a member of the Presbytery to-day, and he states that the matter will certainly be investigated by that body.

A WICKED PAIR.

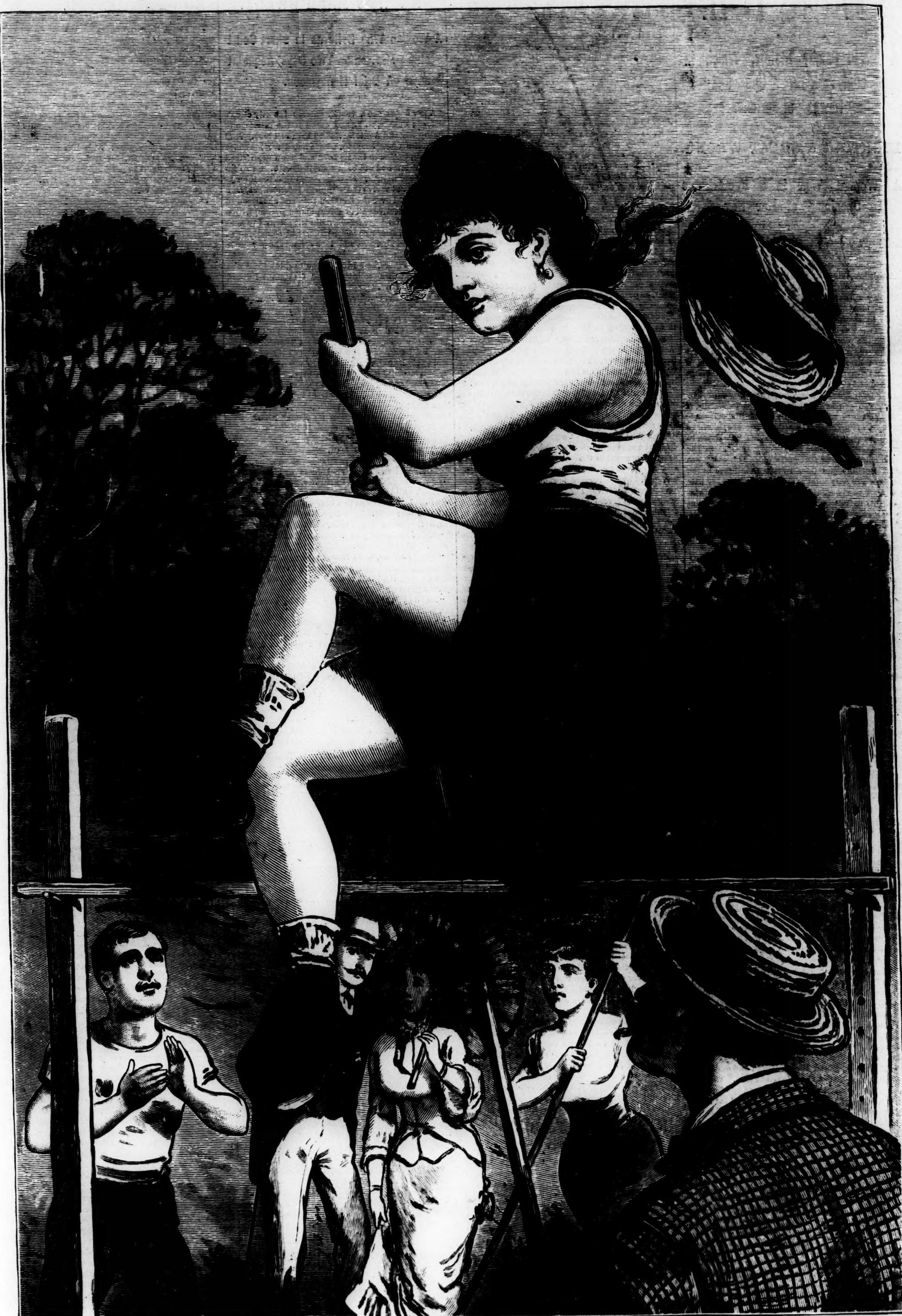
A Woman who Helped a Farmer Murder her Husband.

[With Portraits.]

The body of a man was found floating in Lake Erie, at Cleveland, and his appearance showed that he had been murdered. A woman named Rashal, a newly arrived immigrant, living in Bank street, in that city, was heard to remark that the body must be that of her husband, who had been missing for some time. Her remarks being repeated excited the suspicion of the authorities and she was arrested along with a companion named Paul Grimm, the woman's three children being taken care of by the city ad interim. After the toils had been pretty well woven around Mrs. Rashal's feet, she weakened and confessed, charging the murder on Grimm, who she said was her cousin. It is the opinion of the Cleveland authorities that Mrs. Rashal is the most guilty of the two and that she induced Grimm to kill her husband in order to get him out of the way, as she seemed possessed of the superior mind. Their trial will soon come off, and it will be likely to go hard with the pair.



THE NEW DRINK--"IT BEATS A COCKTAIL, MY DEAR"--GOAT'S MILK FOR BATTERED CONSTITUTIONS.--See Page 6.



"AS LIGHT AS A CORK"—BEAUTY AND MUSCLE ON A POLE—A THRILLING LEAP.

"MILLIONS IN IT."

A Mixed Family History, Which Includes Many "Ups and Downs" of Fortune.

RIGHTING A GREAT WRONG.

A Woman Who is a Remarkable Specimen of Her Sex.

SHE KEPT A SECRET FIFTY YEARS.

A suit involving the title to several millions of dollars' worth of land and in which the heirs to the property were traced to Baltimore, is now in progress in the courts of Ohio. The history of this great suit, while in reality true, smacks strongly of fiction, and, in the hands of an accomplished novelist, would furnish the plot of a most interesting romance.

About the year 1812, there lived in Baltimore a sea captain named Ford, who married a widow named Lovey Buskirk. Shortly after his marriage he fitted out a privateer and sailed from Baltimore on a cruise. During his voyage he was captured by the British cruisers and incarcerated in Dartmoor prison, whence he escaped by tunnelling and made his way to Sweden. After the close of the war he returned to Baltimore and found his wife living in good style, but with a beautiful little girl in the house some three or four years old. This child was called Emeline and passed among strangers as the daughter and only child of Captain Ford and his wife Lovey. There were those in this city, however, who knew this to be untrue. The captain, after remaining home awhile, became tired of inaction and fitted out a slaver, in which he made several trips to the coast of Africa. He landed his cargo of slaves at Charleston, Savannah and in Cuba.

Upon his return from his last trip, his wife, having become jealous of him, refused to have anything to do with him, and he took a trip to the West, then (1817) a wilderness. During that trip, which was of three months' duration, he located sundry land warrants, and, among others, one at the Indian block house, at the mouth of the Maumee river, now the site of the city of Toledo.

Returning to Baltimore he found his wife still unyielding, and, bidding a final adieu to the United States, he entered the navy of Mexico as lieutenant, and, after cruising about the world, died in that service in 1822, intestate, and without children. He did leave his wife Lovey, who was still in Baltimore, and a mother and sisters in one of the New England States.

Meantime, Lovey finding herself abandoned, went from bad to worse, until she became the proprietress of a noted bagnio in this city. The little girl, named Emeline, had grown up to be a surprisingly beautiful woman, and was taught, up to that time, to believe herself the legitimate child of Ford and his wife. Unfortunately, she too began to show the signs of bad association, though she afterwards married, and is now dead.

About 1833 or 1834 certain persons came to Baltimore searching for Ford's heirs at law. Mrs. Ford was soon found, and to those persons she represented that Emeline was the legitimate and only child of Captain Ford by her, and sold her dowry interest in the Toledo land to them, causing Emeline to convey the fee for some insignificant sum. This she did against the protests of her sister, who begged her to undervalue Emeline and disclose her true parentage, and thus prevent a fraud upon the purchasers. The sister's entreaties were in vain, and she, having private reasons for not disclosing the truth to them, held her peace.

In the meantime another party had observed the growing importance of Toledo, and inquired as to the title to the Ford lots, then outlying, vacant and unenclosed. He discovered, as he thought, that the Connecticut kindred of Ford were his heirs at law, having heard that he had no legitimate child. Accordingly he purchased the title of the mother and sisters of Captain Ford.

Thus the matter stood for years, when "Old" Ben Wade got an interest in the property, and sent his emissaries to Baltimore to look into the title. Those agents found the marriage record of Ford and Lovey Buskirk in old St. Paul's parish record, and, it is said, also procured the affidavits of the sister of Mrs. Ford, who had lived as a girl of fifteen with her sister while Captain Ford was a prisoner, and afterwards while he was a slaver. Whatever the purpose of this information was, they left entirely satisfied. No doubt, however, is now entertained that the affidavits simply proved the marriage, as it seems never to have occurred to any of these people that Emeline might be somebody else's daughter. The doubt in their minds seems to have been confined to her legitimacy.

And so Toledo grew, and at last reached this disputed property. A great railroad depot was built on it by a trunk line of road, holding title under the Baltimore deed from Lovey and Emeline. Many houses were built, and it is said that more than 300 dwellings were put up under that title and mainly occupied by the owners. Nearly the whole of the Fifth ward of Toledo now lies upon this property. No enclosures have been put around it by the claimants under either title; the whole matter rested on the soundness of the paper title. It was necessary to go to the fountain head to get at that. Among other persons who became largely interested in the Balti-

more title were President Rutherford B. Hayes and Chief Justice Waite, while the owner of the Connecticut title was Judge Myron H. Tilden, a cousin of Samuel J. Tilden.

In 1875, or thereabouts, the holders of the Baltimore title becoming uneasy, commenced proceedings against Judge Tilden in the Court of Common Pleas, of Toledo, to quiet their title; but Hayes, Waite, the railroad company and many, by far the majority of the owners under that title, refused to join in the proceedings, and hence got no benefit from it. Lawyers were sent to Baltimore to take testimony, and Judge Tilden secured counsel there.

Everything seemed to go on well with the plaintiffs. They proved the marriage from the register, then in the custody of the late Frederick C. Bruner, as an officer of St. Paul's Episcopal Church; also the baptism of the child Emeline in the Catholic Church on Broadway, as "Emeline Ford," and they were about to return to Toledo with this proof when some one suggested the examination of the sister of Lovey Ford, above alluded to. She resided on the Peninsula, some hundred miles from the city, and was then an old woman, with a long list of children and grandchildren, the fruits of an honorable and respectable marriage. Lovey and Emeline were both dead. To her home they repaired, but the lawyer of Judge Tilden did not consider that trip was within his employment, or perhaps did not know of it and did not accompany them. They spent one whole day in prodding and getting the answers to eleven questions (according to the showing of the depositions themselves, which made only eight or ten pages of manuscript in all), and returned to Toledo with what they had obtained. These depositions, as returned to the Toledo court, made the witness swear that Emeline was the daughter of Ford and his wife Lovey.

Armed with this, and coupled with the alleged want of attention upon the part of Judge Tilden's counsel in the West, the court declared in favor of the Baltimore title, and quieted the same as to all those plaintiffs who had joined in the proceedings.

About one year afterwards a Toledo newspaper published an account of the case headed "A Million of Property Saved by a Maryland Witness." This article was copied by a Baltimore newspaper, and one morning the sister of Lovey Ford, (whose name for obvious reasons is not given), being at a country store in her neighborhood, heard the merchant read this article. She recognized the matter at once, pronounced the depositions forgeries and was greatly agitated when told the court had decided in favor of the Baltimore title. She said a great wrong had been perpetrated and she had been falsely used as an agent to accomplish it. Further than this the merchant could extract nothing, but, being a shrewd man and having picked up some of the shreds of the early life of his aged customer, he suspected much. Accordingly he did not cease to pry into the secret history of the women whose names were connected with the story. All this resulted in his writing to Judge Tilden, and a lawyer named David C. Hyman, of Cincinnati, was sent to this city in 1877 to consult and employ John H. Handy, Esq., a Baltimore lawyer, who was both personally acquainted with Judge Tilden and familiar and influential in the county where the aged woman lived.

Messrs. Handy and Hyman went to see her. She stoutly declined to tell anything about the paternity of Emeline, but positively insisted that she had never sworn on any occasion that she was the daughter of Captain Ford and his wife. These gentlemen concluded that Emeline was the witness' own illegitimate daughter, and that Mrs. Ford had adopted her as her child to cover her young sister's disgrace. Further inquiry confirmed this opinion, and private inquiries instituted by Mr. Handy satisfied him that he had hit on the true solution of the mystery.

Accordingly he advised Mr. Hyman to return to Ohio, file a petition in the Court of Common Pleas to set aside the decree quieting the title, on the ground that it was obtained by means of fraud and forged testimony. Also, that suit be brought by Judge Tilden in the United States Circuit Court at Cleveland to recover possession of all this valuable property, estimated at \$1,000,000. This was done, and special commissions were issued to a distinguished judge in Maryland to take testimony to sustain the cases.

The title of the suit in the United States Court is Tilden vs. Hayes et al. Lawyers came from Toledo, and Mr. Handy represented Judge Tilden. The old woman was put under examination and some 550 interrogatories put to her. She did not, however, disclose anything except that she had never given the depositions returned to Toledo.

Finally, on the morning of the fifth day, she sent for Mr. Handy to come to the hotel and announced that she "had kept that secret over fifty years, and she couldn't keep it any longer; that she was an old woman now, and could not from mere shame see a wrong like this done, and intended to make a clean breast of it." Accordingly, when she appeared before the commissioner, she said she had never been asked the direct question as to who was Emeline's father and mother, and that she knew and was ready to tell. The Toledo lawyer at once asked, "Who was?" To which she replied: "I am the mother of Emeline; and her father was an Irish sea captain who left Baltimore shortly after her birth." The amazement of the Toledo gentlemen can be better imagined than described. No suspicion of the truth had ever crossed their minds. She then stated how her sister Lovey had hid her shame for her, how she returned to her native place, married and raised her large family, and how those who knew her secret faithfully kept it.

It may be added that a close cross-examination by Mr. Handy of the justice who took the alleged depositions showed very clearly that they could never have been the answers of the woman they professed to be. Testimony taken in Baltimore went to show that Emeline in her life time found out that she was the daughter of "her aunt" and not of Mrs. Ford.

The suits are still in progress and expected to be disposed of in the fall term of the respective courts. In the meantime, the witness who kept her "secret" for fifty years has died.

"HE WAS REAL SWEET."

A Woman Who Believes in Short Courtship—Married on Two Days' Acquaintance—A Brief Honeymoon.

A few days since a woman entered the city clerk's office in Buffalo, N. Y., and asked if the marriage of Philip Bay and Annie Davis had been recorded. Vital Statistics Clerk Scanlan, who is noted for his suave manner, turned to the register and soon ascertained that the law had not been complied with, and so informed the woman. It was evident that the information did not revive the happiest recollections, as a cloud passed over the female's face and she began to bite the objective end of a dilapidated parasol with a view to curbing her temper. But the attempt to hold her tongue, although her passion had something to feed on, was abortive, and in a second she gave vent to her wrath.

"Tain't there, eh? I just begun to think that them fellers was a-foolin' me, and I thought I would come down here."

"What is the trouble, my good woman?" inquired Mr. Scanlan.

"Well, I'll tell you. A week ago last Saturday night I met Philip Bay and he asked me to marry him. It was rather sudden, but I thought on the hull I'd better take the chance when it was offered, and I said I would. He said there was a justice close by and he could marry us in short order. We went to the corner of Washington and Eagle streets and he said this is the place, and we went in a side door and up a flight of stairs to the second story. There was a lot of nice-lookin' gentlemen a-settin' round, and Philip told me one of them was justice and could tie the knot. Philip asked the price, and a perfect gentleman—a tall, slim man, light complected, with black, curly hair, black mustache and wearing black clothes, just like a minister—said it would be \$3.75. My husband paid \$3 and I paid 75 cents, and we was married. All the gentlemen wished us joy and we left the place and went to a boardin' house and lived together four days. Then I got tired of my husband, for he was drunk all the time, and I left him."

"How long were you acquainted with your husband?" asked the clerk.

"Just two days, and I thought he was real sweet. He met me on the street and spoke so pleasant-like that I hadn't the heart to snub him, and we chatted quite a little while."

"But do you think there was anything wrong with the marriage?"

"That's what bothers me. Some of my friends told me that I had been duped—that no justice hung around that neighborhood—and I want to find out the truth. If I thought them fellers fooled me I would make it hot for them if it cost a thousand dollars. But what do you think about it?"

"That is pretty difficult to answer. Did you not get a certificate?"

"No, I never thought about it. I was so tickled that I couldn't think of everything to wunst. But I ain't a-goin' to give this thing up if I do my husband. I'm just a-goin' to hunt this 'ere thing down if it costs me a thousand dollars," and uttering the threat in a vengeful manner she swept from the office.

It is very probable that the poor innocent creature has been sadly duped by designing scamps, and that she has been robbed of her honor without gaining a husband. The matter should be taken in hand by the police and thoroughly investigated, for no one who reads the unfortunate woman's story can come to any other conclusion than that she has been deeply wronged.

VINCINSES' VICTIM.

The Hoosier Maid Who, Trusting, Found Too Late That Men Betray—May Also Find a Sentence for Seduction Tending to Mitigate Her Woes.

TOPEKA, Kan., July 25.—An event occurred at Marion Centre a few days ago that startled that small community and the railroad employees along the line of the Santa Fe, the occasion being the arrest of Conductor Joseph Vincinnes, of the Santa Fe road, by John McKinney, an Indianapolis detective, on a charge of seduction. Vincinnes has been in the employ of the Santa Fe company for some six months past, and in that time has made many friends, both among railroad men and officers. When he came he brought high testimonials from the management of the Indianapolis and Jeffersonville railway company, and until his arrest nothing had at any time been noticed in his language or conduct that would lead one to suspect that he had reasons for preferring a position on a western railroad other than those stated at the time he came.

The story, as gleaned from the detective and his prisoner, is to the effect that about a year ago, while Vincinnes was running on the Jeffersonville, Madison and Indianapolis railway, he became acquainted with the young girl, who, in a few short months, became a victim to his lust. Mr. John R. Davis is a respectable and well-to-do manufacturer of Indianapolis, and his daughter, Miss Maggie, who was at the time in her seventeenth year, was a pleasant and attractive young girl, who went in the best society, and who made her father's house a most desirable and pleasant place to call.

Young Vincinnes became acquainted with her, and the acquaintance soon ripened into a stronger feeling on her part until he became absolute master of her thoughts and actions, and in her innocence she placed her honor in his hands, under strong protestations of his love for her and a stronger promise of marriage.

The relations thus established were continued as opportunity offered until the Christmas time was approaching, when the deluded girl awoke to the fact that her condition could no longer be concealed. She

at once informed her lover of the situation, when, instead of acting the part of a man, he threw up his situation and decamped for parts unknown.

The young lady's parents soon became aware of her condition and at once instituted criminal proceedings against the destroyer of their daughter, and it is under the instructions of the county authorities that Detective McKinney has been searching for his man for two months. A strange circumstance of the affair, and one which shows to what extent a woman's devotion can be carried, is the fact that she had been corresponding with Vincinnes ever since he came away, but would not divulge his whereabouts to her parents, nor could the detective succeed in tracing her letters for some time. At last he got on the trail, however, and after several weeks spent in following a letter from point to point where it had been forwarded to her recreant lover, he at last lit upon his man at Marion Centre, Kan.

Vincinnes expresses himself as willing and anxious to marry the girl if her parents will let him bring her back here with him, but that is not likely, and as the costs in his case have already run high, it is probable that a five years' term in the penitentiary will be his portion.

THE LIONS BREAK LOOSE.

Coney Island's Sea Monsters Have the Whole Atlantic to Disport Themselves in—How They Bade Farewell to the Favorite Watering Place and Created a Panic Among the Bathers.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The frequenters of Coney Island were treated to a lively scare last week. About 9 o'clock in the evening, when the attention of visitors to the Island was concentrated on the Arion masquerade festival at West Brighton and on the display of pyrotechnics, a small assemblage witnessed a novel and highly exciting event. This was nothing less than the escape of eight sea lions and four immense turtles from the Aquarium, lately constructed at the old wooden pier in front of this hotel, a few hundred feet to the west of Brighton.

The heavy sea which was running broke down the frail structure in which they were imprisoned, and the monsters took advantage of the opportunity and glided into their native element. Early in the evening the high tide began to beat furiously against the south side of the inclosure and several boards were torn away. Mr. Engeman was promptly notified by J. S. Barnes, the manager, and with his partner, Mr. Battersby, hastened to the scene.

It soon became evident that it would be impossible to protect the fence, and abandoning the barrier, six lengths of close and strong wire-netting, were run across at close intervals, the object being to keep the lions shut in until the tide abated. A dozen or more men were employed, and for over an hour they struggled hard to keep back the lions from the wide opening which had been broken in the south fence. They were up to their necks in the water and frequently touched the sleek lions, which did not turn on them in any way. For the purpose of inducing them to remain in the enclosure, an immense quantity of fish were thrown to them until they completely gorged themselves. Finally, when Mr. Engeman had supposed that all danger of their escape had passed, a loud barking was heard under the pier, and the old lion, which alone out of the eight was in the habit of making this peculiar noise, was missed. The other seven then with startling suddenness disappeared and joined their companion in his liberty.

Bathing was not so general after this event. There were a great many people dallying and dipping in the surf at the time; to these the frightful intelligence was conveyed. "The sea lions have escaped," went from lip to lip and was borne over the crests of the rollers to the most daring swimmer beyond the buoys. There was a stampede immediately. Logs, buoys, aye, and swimmers were frequently mistaken for the monsters of the briny, and the attachers of the beach and police officers were conjured to "catch them at once!"

One old bachelor guest at the Brighton, when informed of the escape of the lions, remarked that "it was pity that Dr. Mary Walker and the rest of her short-haired, strong-minded sex had not been bathing at the time and been devoured. The world would be a little more peaceful if that had happened."

"GIVE IT TO HIM, KATE."

A Mother Vindicates Her Maternity With a Whip—An Exciting Street Scene.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The people of Wilmington, Del., have been furnished with considerable gossip within the past few weeks. The first event was the elopement of a daughter of Henry B. Courtney, of the firm of Swift, Courtney & Beecher, parlor match manufacturers, with a young gardener named Hayden. This led to another lively event on the 24th inst. Edward Tatnall, a florist, had stated to a reporter that Miss Courtney was only a step-daughter of Mrs. Courtney's. This aroused the ire of his better half, and she determined to vindicate her maternity. She started out in search of Tatnall, armed with a Cat-o-nine-tails, accompanied by her liege lord. She met Mr. Tatnall on the street, and proceeded to lay on the stripes. While doing so her husband stood by, saying, "Give it to him, Kate!" Mr. Tatnall attempted no resistance, but retreated slowly, followed up by the irate woman. Blood was drawn in three or four places on his face and arms. Immediately after the affair Mr. Tatnall sought the mayor and had warrants issued for the arrest of Mr. and Mrs. Courtney.

Second edition of "Glimpses of Gotham" out to-day with new and spicy illustrations. A better selling book than "Nora." Price, 55 cents. The trade supplied direct by the publisher, Richard K. Fox, 183 William street, New York.

Libels on Humanity.

The Things in Human Shape
Whose Peculiarities Are
Described Below.

THE MOLLIES STILL LIVE
And Prove it by a Sample
of Their Former
Deeds.

STEVE SPENCE'S COSTLY KISS.

A Tough Man Puts Another of His
Kind in a Land Where Tough
Men Are Plenty.

A WIDOW WORTH HAVING

A Young Man Gets Square on His Fickle
Lover by Eloping With Her
Young Sister.

MINNIE AND HER STICKER.

A Protest Against a Husband's Infidelity
Costs a Faithful Wife
Her Life.

A BLOODY MYSTERY.

HELD FOR TRIAL.

James T. De Jarnette, who murdered his sister in a house of ill-fame in Danville, Va., was arraigned for trial last week. Counsel for the prisoner waived examination and De Jarnette was recommitted to jail for indictment and trial at the next term of the corporation court of Danville, which will be held the first Monday in August.

A WICKED CRIPPLE.

Samuel Brown, a cripple with both legs off above the knee, was arrested at Urichsville, O., for attempt to commit rape on the nine-year-old daughter of Samuel Quillin on Monday last. He drew his revolver on a lady who caught him in the act. He was brought before the mayor, who placed him under \$500 bond for his appearance in court.

THIRTY DAYS FOR A STOLEN KISS.

KINGSTON N. C., July 27.—Stephen C. Spence, a young farmer, met Mrs. M. E. Waller in the road and declared that she must kiss him. The lady indignantly hurried on, when Spence followed, and despite her struggles kissed her. She made complaint and Spence was arrested. He was tried and sentenced to thirty days in the county jail for kissing another man's wife.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR WITH VARIATIONS.

OTTAWA, Can., July 27.—A young man named Peter McGregor Ramsay, who was jilted last week by his ladylove, after advancing money for the purchase of her trousseau, and who subsequently caused to be issued a writ of attachment on her personal effects to recover the money he had advanced, yesterday eloped with a fifteen-year-old sister of his first love. A brother and detectives are on the track of the pair.

THAT SETTLED IT.

ROCHESTER, Pa., July 25.—Jack Brown and Pat Kelley had had a grudge of two years' standing. Last night they met and fought, Brown getting whipped. They shook hands, and Kelley turned to go, when Brown pulled a revolver, saying, "You will never whip another man," shot him three times. One shot took effect in the ankle, one in the neck and one in the head. The last two are probably fatal, but Kelley is still alive. Brown is a nephew of County Coroner Joseph Reed, and was arrested and jailed this morning. Kelley cannot live.

HEREDITARY DEPRAVITY.

The town of Neversink, N. J., has an example of hereditary depravity. A woman eighty-one years of age is living apart from her husband, who makes his home with another woman in another county. A daughter has an illegitimate son, another daughter is married to a man who has been in jail for assault and battery, a daughter of the latter is in jail for theft, and her husband is a criminal tramp. The old woman has a son who has been in an insane asylum and poorhouse. Another daughter is married, and is a woman of dissolute habits, and has a son of weak mind. None of the family can read or write.

A LUSTFUL VILLAIN.

The quiet little village of Petersburg, Ind., is some-

what torn up over the shameful and criminal lust of a man who had lately moved to that place from a neighboring village, and who, it is alleged, has been living in the bosom of his family, and for some time past having criminal intercourse with a niece who resided with him. To hide the evidences of her shame it is alleged that he administered drugs to her, which fact coming to the ears of the people a deputation of citizens waited upon him, giving him only a few hours in which to depart, or take the consequences. It is needless to say he departed, leaving his family behind.

LULU MORTIMER'S DEADLY SHOT.

DETROIT, July 25.—George Morris, wholesale dealer in wire goods, was shot and wounded here by Lulu Mortimer, a young woman with whom he has been on friendly terms, who, in a fit of jealousy, attempted to kill him. The affray took place quietly, and no witness were present, and neither party is disposed to tell anything about the cause. It appears that the woman discovered that Morris took another woman to Cleveland recently, and was mad about it. She charged him with unfaithfulness, and, after telling him she was going to kill him, drew and fired. The ball entered the temple over the right eye and was extracted. Two other shots missed. Mortimer was arrested.

A LIE THAT RECOILED.

Some time ago Matilda Derring, an inmate of a house of prostitution in Fort Wayne, Ind., filed an affidavit charging Emmanuel Fox, Henry Streck and Thomas Avery with committing an outrage upon her person. They were arrested and committed to jail to await trial. In the meantime the Grand Jury passed upon their cases and indicted them upon the testimony of Miss Derring, who testified in the strongest manner against them. Last week these cases came up for trial in the Criminal Court, and the prosecuting witness very unexpectedly declared on the witness stand that there was nothing in the case, that she did not resist them, etc. The prosecuting attorney promptly caused her arrest on a charge of perjury, and she is now in jail.

ANTHONY AT WORK.

Anthony Comstock, arrested Mrs. Dr. J. W. Hopkins, at Duke Centre, McKean county, Pa., Tuesday, on a charge of sending through the mails indecent and immoral circulars and articles to be used for shameful purposes. The woman, who is said to have been in business for some months, operated, it is alleged, under the name of Mrs. Merton. She was entrapped, it is said, by answering a letter sent by Comstock from Pittsburg as a decoy. A quantity of circulars and advertised articles were captured. She was examined before United States Commissioner Berry, pleaded guilty, and was held for trial in \$2,000. Comstock left for Coopersburg, N. Y., where Mrs. G. B. Ranney, a sister of Mrs. Hopkins, is carrying on the same shameful business.

SUSPICIONS OF A TERRIBLE MURDER.

EAST ST. LOUIS, July 24.—The friends of Judge Mayo, the banker of Olney, who disappeared mysteriously at the Relay depot over a year ago, have been telegraphed to come here with a view of identifying body found by workmen engaged in excavating for a railroad. It was in a long pine box, much decomposed. It is a clear case of murder, the right arm being broken and throat cut, beside other wounds on the head. The identification will have to be effected by the clothing. The body seems to have been in the ground about as long as Mayo has been missing. Relatives have spent many hundreds of dollars trying to find the remains, it being the generally accepted theory that the banker was lured from the train on which he was going home, murdered and robbed.

A HARLOT AND HER KNIFE.

After midnight on the 27th inst., Thomas Delana, proprietor of a livery stable on Sherman street, Chicago, was found on State street with a fatal stab in the abdomen, through which the bowels protruded.

The alarm was given by a woman named Minnie Dixon, who claimed to be his wife. At first she said that she had found him lying stabbed on the sidewalk, but later acknowledged that she had inflicted the wound herself. It was done with an ugly-looking butcher knife. She says she wanted him to go home, and when he refused struck at him. When asked if the woman did the cutting Delana nodded assent.

He is a quiet, industrious man, and only left his office for home a short time before the cutting occurred. Death is certain; the woman gives no coherent account of the stabbing.

PROTECTING HIS SISTER.

Degraff, a little village in Ohio, was the scene of a sensational shooting affray on the 27th inst. About one month ago, H. W. Aker, a man of low degree, attempted to elope with Louie Valley Degraff Shoeemaker, the little fourteen-year-old daughter of John Shoemaker, a most estimable man. He was discovered, and since then the father and brother have guarded their home with arms. This afternoon Henry Thomas, a friend of Aker, while drunk attempted to deliver the child a note, when he was met at the door by Newton Shoemaker, her brother, who emptied the contents of a shotgun in the throat and face. He is dangerously wounded but still alive. A full account of the attempted abduction by Aker of Miss Shoemaker, was recently published in the GAZETTE.

GETTING STIRRED UP AGAIN.

There is reason to fear that the Mollie Maguires, whose doings caused a reign of terror in the anthracite coal regions in Pennsylvania a few years ago, are once more showing their hand. Twenty-three of these murderers were hanged, and fourteen of them are now in prison; but a number of the moving spirits in the old organization are still at large. No one familiar with their history doubts that they would delight to take vengeance for past persecution on those who were active against them. The murder of James Wood, aged sixty, at Pottsville, is probably the work of Mollies. Masked men did the deed between Tamaqua and Summit Hill, and the fact that the body was not robbed proves revenge to have been the motive. Wood was engineer for the Lehigh Coal

Company. William Orr, who was arrested on suspicion, maintains his innocence stoutly.

A PLUCKY WIDOW.

HOUSTON, Tex., July 27.—A few nights ago, about midnight, a widow lady, Mrs. Louisa Gregor, residing in the suburbs, heard a noise on the premises. She arose, picked up a double barreled breech-loading shot-gun and some extra cartridges, and stepped lightly out. Approaching the stable she perceived three horse thieves—one negro and two white men—taking her horses out of the stable. Concealing her self behind a fence, the plucky woman took a rest and blazed away at the villains, who returned the fire with six-shooters, but failed to hit Mrs. Gregor. She then fired the second barrel, and kept on loading and firing till she had shot five times. The thieves fled. The lady's friends were sent for, and on inspecting the scene of the shooting found pools of blood and a bloody handkerchief, one of the thieves evidently having been badly wounded.

FREAKS OF A GIDDY YOUNG WOMAN.

There was no little excitement caused in Millersburg, Ky., recently, when it became generally known that Miss Mattie Foster, a pretty and intelligent daughter of Mr. A. C. Foster, a prominent citizen of that place, had left her home the night previous under very mysterious circumstances. Miss Foster, it seems, became dissatisfied with her home, either because of domestic troubles or the persuasion of outside parties. Her father started for Lexington, where it was supposed she had gone, for the purpose of inducing her to return to her now desolate home. Mr. Foster succeeded in finding the girl in Paris, Ky., and returned with her to his residence. She has since made an attempt at suicide by attempting to leap from the railroad bridge into Kingston Creek, but was foiled in her attempt. She declares it her intention to take her life, but assigns no reason for her conduct.

A CANDIDATE FOR THE GALLOWS.

The young people living in the neighborhood of Murfreesboro, Tenn., have been holding singing school meetings for some time back. On the evening of July 22, while they were assembled together, a white man named Bob Stevens walked into the church in an intoxicated condition, exposing his person. He took a back seat, but soon becoming tired of his seat he moved over into a crowd of young ladies and started to take hold of one of them. The teacher then asked him to take a back seat, which he refused to do, and two young men carried him out. He came back again, and a young man, James Mullins, took him off about thirty steps from the church and began to mildly expostulate with him for his rudeness. Stevens then became enraged, and reached around and cut a gash about four inches long in Mullins' throat. The scoundrel at once started toward Woodbury, and has not been heard from since.

A MERCILESS MONSTER.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., July 27.—A brutal and sickening tragedy occurred here a few days ago, Abraham Martin hacking his wife, Lucinda Martin, to death with an ax. The man is nearly sixty years old, and his wife has lived with him thirty-five years and is the mother of fourteen children by him. Martin, eleven years ago, became infatuated with Estella Greenwood, a woman of bad character, and since that time he has lived with her, dividing his time between his lawful wife and his mistress. Mrs. Martin yesterday begged him to give up his paramour, but finding that he would not, she this morning made her arrangements to leave him, and had packed up her trunks, when her infuriated husband came in, and learning her intention, went out in the yard, soon returning with an ax, with which he made a desperate assault upon her back, mangling her horribly. She can not live. Martin has escaped.

A DARK MYSTERY.

A horrible discovery was made at Lamar, Md., on the 25th inst. The body of a murdered man was found in a small stream called Muddy, with a heavy stone attached to a rope tied around the neck. The victim was a small man with small hands and feet and a stranger who had not been recognized when the inquest was held. He was evidently traveling through the country. He was of a dark complexion, and had black hair and whiskers, the latter about an inch long, recently cropped; apparently between thirty and thirty-five years old. There were three wounds on the head, two over the right temple and the other on the back of the head, evidently inflicted with a hatchet. A pair of drawers and socks was all the clothing on the corpse. Some pieces of bed quilts, bloody, were found near by. Everything indicated that the murdered man had been hauled to the creek and sunk with the stone to hide the crime. The weight was not of the character of stones found in the locality, but was from some quarry and recently taken out. An inquest was held and the body buried.

THERE SHOULD BE A HELL.

The story of a beastly crime comes from Trimble Station, Ind., a small hamlet on the Danville and Southwestern Railroad, about forty miles north of Vincennes. The alleged act, for which Herbert Alexander suffers durance vile, occurred on Tuesday of last week, but the scoundrel was not made to feel the force of the law till Saturday. On complaint of Mr. Houts, who lives near Trimble Station, Alexander was brought before a justice of the peace in Robinson to answer the charge of rape. The victim is a little creature only ten years of age, a sister of Alexander's wife, and daughter of Houts, who made the complaint. The story she tells is plaintive and terribly shocking. While at home alone on the day mentioned Alexander went to the Houts mansion and forced the child to submit to his base desires. It was not the first time he had forced his innocent victim, but she gave him to understand that it was the last. This frightened him and he fled, but subsequently returned. The heart-rending story brought tears to the eyes of the listeners, and the court considered the testimony sufficient to warrant him in binding Alexander over to the next term of the Circuit Court in

the sum of \$500. Failing to give bond he lies in jail

FANNIE'S FOLLY.

LOGANSPORE, Ind., July 27.—On Friday evening, a Fannie Streeter, who can lay some claims to beauty, went before Esquire Shoffrey, and made complaint that she had been seduced, and then abandoned by a married man named Halford Thornburg. About a year ago her mother died, leaving herself and father to care for several young children. The father, a shoemaker by trade, was addicted to drink, and a few weeks ago deserted his daughter and children. Shortly after this, Thornburg, an insurance agent, who has a wife and family, under the guise of friendship, Fannie says, assisted her with money and other necessities, and ingratiated himself into her confidence and esteem, until a week ago, when Thornburg, by persuasion and threats of violence, according to the girl's story, succeeded in getting her to leave Marion with him, and the two went to Bunker Hill, where Thornburg passed the girl off as his wife, and, securing apartments at a hotel, effected her ruin. After remaining there a few days, Thornburg took the girl to Indianapolis, where he purchased her a ticket to this city—her old home, and where she has friends, and deserted her. Fannie told the story of her shame to her friends, and through them she was induced to appear before the officer, as stated, and make complaint against Thornburg.

JUMP AND MELVIN.

The little town of Denton, in Caroline county, Maryland, is terribly exercised over the development of a long slumbering scandal, involving two families of standing and respectability, which culminated in a deadly assault upon Robert J. Jump, an elderly man of family, by James F. Melvin, Jr., editor of the Caroline County Journal. It appears that for some time past it has been whispered about that Mr. Jump had been on terms of undue intimacy with Miss Melvin, a younger sister of the journalist, but the rumor was discredited by the family. A day or two ago, however, it is stated, the discovery was made, almost by the merest accident, that Jump had for a long period been holding clandestine interviews with Miss Melvin, and that the frequent correspondence with her pointed strongly to criminal intercourse between them. A large number of letters written by Jump were found in her possession, together with an insurance policy for \$3,000 on his life, for the benefit of the young lady, and also jewelry of value, and love mementoes. The discovery excited the indignation of young Melvin, and last evening he encountered Jump in the store of Rochester & Co., and attacked him with a heavy club. Several terrible blows were dealt on the head of Jump by the vigorous arm of his assailant, rendering him half unconscious. His physicians pronounced his injuries very critical, though there is a possibility that he may survive. Mr. Jump is fifty years of age, and has a wife and four children. Immediately after the assault Melvin surrendered himself to the authorities.

UNDER THE DEATH WATCH.

The Italian Wife Murderer in the Shadow of the Gallows—Waiting for the Crack of Doom.

Deputy Sheriff Ahern and Whitehead, at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 27th inst., presented Warden Finn, of the City Prison, with a warrant from Sheriff Bowe demanding the surrender to them of Pietro Balbo, the wife murderer. The warden accompanied the deputies into the prison, and they found Balbo reciting his morning prayers. After he had finished praying he was called out of his cell by Keeper Hennessy. When he saw the deputies an expression of terror came over his face and he seemed unable to speak. When at length he spoke, he said that he had been praying that he might be permitted to live, and that he had been told that the deputies would not come before evening. He refused to be cheered, and buried his face in his hands. Afterward, he again repeated his story of the murder, and then seemed to be in better spirits, telling how he had learned some thing of the English language, and saying that he could now write his name in English.

It is believed that Balbo will be completely prostrated unless the suspense of his position is soon ended. If he knew that there was no hope for him it is believed he would become resigned to his fate. He said that he realized that he might have to die soon, and that he prayed to be spared; but if it was the Lord's will that he should die, then he must.

Pietro Balbo is an Italian, and has been but a few years in this country. He is twenty-five years of age. He was employed as a laborer in tearing down the buildings that stood in the way of the New York approach to the East River Bridge. But for the crime he committed, he would, on the next day, have assisted in razing the dwelling in which his wife lived and was murdered, and in which there had been a murder several years before. He was married to Maria Dicicco in Naples, where his father is a small farmer. He had no relatives in this country, but his wife's mother and step-father reside in this city. Balbo did not live happily with his wife and was disliked by her relatives. The young couple frequently quarreled. On the morning of October 1, 1879, his wife was found dead in bed, with her throat cut. On the floor lay a new dagger, blood-stained and with its point broken. His mother-in-law, Vincentia La Puliccia, worked night and day with the detectives in the Italian colonies of this city and Brooklyn. Balbo was arrested in West Virginia. He admitted the crime, but declared that his wife had been unfaithful to him; that she fought with him on the night of the crime; that she threatened to kill him, and that she was biting his finger when he stabbed her. He was tried and found guilty, but Justice Pratt of Brooklyn granted a stay of proceedings. The case was carried to the Court of Appeals, and finally to the Governor, who has not yet announced his intentions. The condemned man gained and continues to receive the friendly aid of many notable persons, among them the representative of the Italian Minister, and Campanini, the famous tenor. If Governor Cornell does not interfere Balbo will be hung on the 6th of August.

A WOMAN IN WHITE.

An Apparition That Made a Sad Bridal Night—A Mystery Which Smacks of the Supernatural.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the strangest as well as one of the best founded stories in regard to supernatural manifestations is now interesting the people of Pittsburgh, Pa. Whether the appearance of the spectral visitor was real or imaginary, it has had the effect of perhaps permanently wrecking the nervous system and perhaps shadowing forever the life of a young lady who, a few days ago, was a happy bride, and looked forward to a bright, unclouded future. The details of the sad story are as follows:

About two weeks ago a young man of respectable connections, who lived with his parents on Locust street, near Van Bram street, and a young lady named Hannah Williams were married, and after renting a house on Grove street, near Center avenue, and having it furnished, the two went to their new home for the first time last Friday night. About 11 o'clock that night they went to their bed-room and made preparations to retire, when suddenly there appeared in the room the shadowy spectre of a woman in white. Both were frightened, of course, but remained motionless until it vanished as suddenly as it came. Both retained their presence of mind, however, and as soon as they had recovered from their surprise and become calmer, concluded that the apparition was only the result of imagination. In order to satisfy themselves, they concluded to sit up awhile and watch, and accordingly seated themselves on the side of the bed and waited. They had not waited long when the apparition again made its appearance as suddenly as it had previously appeared and vanished. The young bride grasped her husband by the arm and cried in a horrified tone: "Charley, do you see that?" and in an instant swooned away. The husband immediately sought assistance and the stricken wife received every attention. Since then she has been prostrated by nervous excitement, and it was feared that she would become demented. There seems to be only one solution to the mystery other than a supernatural one, and that is that some heartless person thought it would be a good joke to frighten the couple in some way; but just how she could get through locked doors and make so sudden an exit is still more of a mystery. It is thought that the young woman may recover in time.

DUNCAN C. ROSS,

Champion Athlete and Chief of Police of Coburg, Ontario, Canada.

[With Portrait.]

The subject of our sketch is Duncan C. Ross. He is well known both in the United States and Canada as the Chief of Police of Coburg, Ontario, and champion athlete of the Dominion. He was born at Glasgow, Scotland, March 16th, 1855, is 6 feet $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in height, weighs 203 pounds, chest 44 $\frac{1}{4}$, biceps 16 $\frac{1}{4}$, forearm 13, thigh 26, calf 17. He has taken part in over 1,500 contests open to all, not bogus matches. He has defeated every athlete of note in America and Europe, the number being so great we are unable to publish the names. Mr. Ross is also a noted wrestler and has engaged in some important matches, a few of which we add: Defeated Captain J. C. Daly, Irish champion, \$500 a side, mixed wrestling, at Toronto, Canada, October 18th, 1879; defeated F. T. Labroshere, the French wrestler, three straight falls, at Brantford, Canada, January 2d, 1880, \$200, time 7 minutes; defeated John O'Neill (the Trenton butcher), 2 in 3 falls, Napance, February 17th, 1880, time 13 minutes; defeated J. S. Jackson, (the terror of Camden), at Napance, April 7th, 1880, time 9 minutes; defeated H. N. McDonald, of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, (known as the Nova Scotia Giant), Kingston, Ontario, \$500 a side, mixed wrestling, at Coburg, Ontario, April 10th, 1880, time 10 minutes; defeated H. N. McDonald, of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, (known as the Nova Scotia Giant), Kingston, Ontario, \$500 a side, mixed wrestling, at Coburg, Ontario, April 10th, 1880, time 10 minutes.



THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE'S SPORTING GALLERY.

DUNCAN C. ROSS, CHAMPION ATHLETE OF CANADA, AND CHIEF OF POLICE OF COBURG, ONT.

Canada, time 5 hours 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, McDonald's collar bone and two ribs being broken, Gananoque, Canada, May 21st, 1880. Mr. Ross has a standing challenge to box, fence, throw weights and run and jump against any 12 men in America, he to contest singly against any 12 that will accept for \$1,000 to \$2,000 a side. Answers to this office or the *Clipper* will be attended to.

DIED BROKEN-HEARTED.

Betrayed by a Faithless Lover and Unable to Bear the Disgrace.

Mrs. Jane Angle is an aged widow, and resides two and a half miles northwest of Dingman's Ferry, Pa. She had two daughters. The oldest one, Carrie, twenty-six years of age, died a few days ago, and her death recalls a sad and pitiful story of love and deception. Miss Angle was well educated and accomplished, and a year or two ago she received the attentions of Isa Hornbeck, the son of a wealthy farmer residing in the Delaware Valley, two miles south of Dingman's, who sought and finally accomplished the young woman's ruin. The disgrace was more than she could endure, and she began to fail in health and wept continually. Young Hornbeck ceased his visits altogether, and openly avowed that he would have nothing more to do with her. The arrest of the betrayer followed, and he gave bonds for his appearance at the recent May term of Pike County Court, held in Milford. A true bill was found against him, and the case assumed a serious aspect. Being convinced that his son would be found guilty if tried by a jury, and have a severe sentence imposed upon him, his father made offers of settlement with the unfortunate girl's mother, which after much bickering, were agreed to. Miss Angle, who was the object of pity, was before the court. She was so weak and weighed down with sorrow that she had to be assisted up the Court-house stairs. After a settlement had been made, Miss Angle returned home with her mother, and from this time on she rapidly wasted away, and finally died broken-hearted. The funeral took place at Dingman's Ferry, and was the largest ever held in the place. The funeral services were very impressive. Miss Angle was an esteemed member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

THE UP AND DONE IT ASSOCIATION.

A Society Which Marriageable Young Men Should keep Clear of.

The Old Maids' Association of Geauga county, Ohio, had a picnic on the lake recently, and mustered eighty-six souls. This society was an outgrowth of the war, and was organized in 1862 by a bevy of young ladies whose brothers and sweethearts were fighting for their country, and left them without the resources of male escort, except the laggards who remained at home. Unwilling to accept the gallantry of these young men, the young ladies preferred to depend upon themselves, and formed the association mentioned.

Out of revenge the gallants dubbed these independent damsels "old maids," and they accepted the cognomen and made it their own. A humorous constitution and by-laws were drafted by Mrs. C. E. Henry, then a single young lady and one of the founders of the institution. Man was declared the "common enemy," and one of the chief objects of the society was to continue war against his advances. He was religiously excluded from all meetings, and a special clause of the by-laws said that any member who should marry should be fined one hundred big copper cents, and be branded in tar on the soles of her feet—"U. D. I." meaning "up and done it."

The beautiful consistency of woman's nature will be appreciated when it is known that every one of the charter members, and nearly all of eligible age since, are married.



A NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLE ON RETIRING FOR THE NIGHT ARE HORRIFIED BY THE APPEARANCE OF A GHOSTLY APPARITION; PITTSBURGH, PA.



A DISPUTED HEN IS SET AT LIBERTY IN A COURT-ROOM, AND ROOSTS ON THE PATE OF A BALD-HEADED LAWYER; TROY, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 6.



BEAUTY IN BREECHES—A FRENCH DAMSEL APPEARS WITH HER LOVER ON BROADWAY IN MALE ATTIRE.

CAPTURING AN OUTLAW.

The Terror of Northern Pennsylvania Arrested in the Wilds of Michigan—A Thrilling Capture.

[With Portrait.]

In April last a number of store orders and notes in circulation in the vicinity of Bradford, Pa., were discovered to be forgeries. The perpetration of the forgeries was traced to Harry English, a man of desperate character, living in an isolated part of Elk county. He was widely known through the tier of Pennsylvania counties, where his name has been a terror for years. He was a lumberman, and also at times worked about the oil wells. His home was as much in the forest as in the settlements, and he was considered the crack rifle-shot of Northwestern Pennsylvania. He invariably went armed with two revolvers, and frequently appeared in the village carrying a Winchester repeating rifle as well. He owned two of these deadly weapons. Being nearly seven feet in height, weighing 230 pounds, although not fleshy, possessed of enormous strength, shrewd, courageous, cold-blooded and desperate, English was considered more than a match for any three men in the region.

A warrant was made out for his arrest on the charge of forgery, and on the 17th of April a posse of officers went to the house of his father-in-law, A. J. Rummel, where English was supposed to be hiding. The officers reached Rummel's house at 5 o'clock in the morning. Rummel answered their knock. When informed of the party's errand, he said English was not there. The officers insisted on searching the house. At that moment English came out of a room on the ground floor and ran up stairs, where he shut and locked himself in a room. Justice Burke and Constable Warnith followed. They ordered English to open the door. His reply was a warning to the officers to go away if they valued their lives. Burke tried to break the door in. English fired three shots from a revolver through the door. One of them took effect in Squire Burke's leg. Burke returned the fire. Rummel then warned the officers that they had better go out of the house, for it was evident now that "Harry had his blood up, and somebody would be killed." The other members of the posse had gone outside to guard against English's escape from it, when Burke and Warnith went up stairs in pursuit of him. When Rummel warned the two men to leave the house they started down stairs. They were about half way down when English unlocked the door of the room he was in, walked coolly out to the head

of the stairs, and, with a Winchester rifle, shot at the retreating officers. The shot struck Constable Warnith, who was carried to the village tavern, where he died in a short time.

The excitement was now intense. The villagers had assembled about the premises in spite of the early hour, and surrounded the house with the officers, cutting off every avenue of escape for English. After shooting Warnith, English walked back into his room, raised a window that commanded the place where the officers were on guard on the outside and commenced firing at them with his Winchester rifle. The first shot killed Constable Vollmer. A fire was then opened upon English. He stood his ground, and wounded two more men in the crowd, without receiving any injury from the shots leveled at him. He then retired. About 8 o'clock in the morning, armed with his two Winchester rifles and two revolvers, each of the former charged with 16 shots, he walked out of the back door of the house and made for the woods. As he ran across the fields a volley of bullets followed him. Lewis Fagley, one of the crowd, had a Winchester rifle. A ball from this took effect, apparently, in one of English's legs. He dropped on one knee, but quickly regained his feet, ran a short distance and fell again. Once more he arose, and this time wheeled about and faced his pursuers. Bullets rattled all around him. He fired four shots from one of his rifles. One shot wounded District Attorney Wurzell slightly. English then disappeared in the woods.

For a long time all traces of him were lost. A few weeks ago information was received from Cedar Springs, Mich., that English was in that section working at the lumber business. Pinkerton's Detective Agency then took charge of the case. Captain R. J. Linden, of the Philadelphia branch, sent Detective Thomas to Michigan to hunt up English. The detective, disguised as a lumberman, traced the outlaw to Andrew Kuhl's lumber camp in the north of Michigan. He worked with English a week. On Tuesday of last week the detective and English were in one of the settlements near the camp. The officer asked the



THE GANDER HANGS HIGH—A YOUNG GALLANT TRIES TO BE POLITE AND RIDE A BICYCLE AT THE SAME TIME, AND MAKES A FAILURE; AUBURN, N. Y.

BEAUTY IN BREECHES.

How a French Damsel Went Out on Dress Parade—The Romance of a Hash Mill.

[Subject of Illustration.]

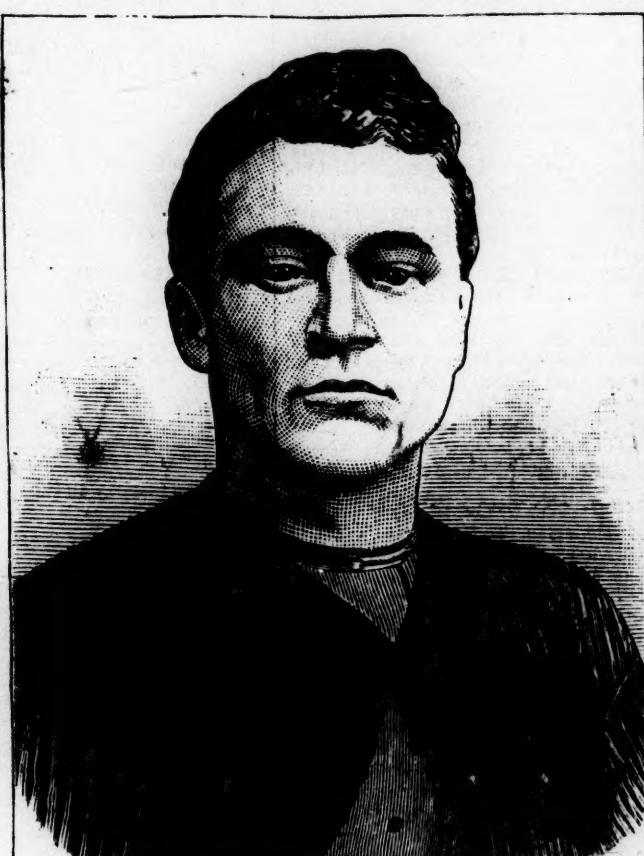
Mme. Louise Doriot, a Frenchwoman, who keeps a restaurant at 212 Wooster street, this city, appeared before Justice Kilbreth, in the Jefferson Market Police Court, on the 26th inst., and preferred a complaint of abduction against Louis Ridard, a young Frenchman. The accused was one of the patrons of the restaurant, and admired Mme. Doriot's daughter Ada, aged sixteen years. The mother disapproved of the intimacy which had sprung up between Ridard and her daughter. Ridard, encouraged by the young girl, persisted in his attentions, and Mme. Doriot ordered him from the place, and, although he did not return to the restaurant, he still kept up his intimacy with Ada, and they met often surreptitiously. Three weeks ago Ada ran away from home and went to live with Ridard at 125 Waverley place. Her mother made unsuccessful search for her, but on Sunday night she was seen, dressed in male attire, promenading on Broadway in company with Ridard. Ada had her hair cut short and was attired in a jaunty suit of dark cheviot. When in court she did not appear to realize her degraded position, and assumed a brazen and nonchalant air. At the request of Mme. Doriot the magistrate sent her wayward daughter to the House of Refuge. A complaint of abduction was made against Ridard, and he was committed to prison to answer in default of \$1,000 bail.

A SHOT IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

A Farmer Who Don't Believe in Free Love—An Unexpected Intrusion.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The town of Coeymans, N. Y., has been thrown into a state of great excitement by a scandal which developed into a tragedy. Mr. Hiram G. Briggs, a farmer who lives in the western part of the town, had occasion to go to Albany on business, and expected to remain away over night. He changed his plans and started home the same day, arriving late at night, and was horrified to find a man named Erskine Wood in bed with his wife. Mr. Briggs shot at Wood, who managed to fly the house, but could not go far, his wounds being probably fatal. Mr. Briggs surrendered himself. The people's sympathies are with Briggs, and it is thought that no jury will convict him of murder should Wood die.



HARRY ENGLISH, THE NOTORIOUS OUTLAW AND DESPERADO; RECENTLY CAPTURED IN CEDAR CREEK, MICHIGAN; NOW IN JAIL AT BRADFORD, PA.

outlaw into a saloon to take a drink. As English placed the glass to his lips, Thomas covered him with a revolver, and told him if he offered any resistance he was a dead man. English was so thoroughly taken by surprise that he surrendered without a word. He was handcuffed and taken to Saginaw, where he was placed in jail. The Pennsylvania authorities were informed by telegraph of the arrest. District Attorney Wurzell went to Harrisburg, procured a requisition from Governor Hoyt upon Governor Crosswell, of Michigan, for English's body and brought him back to Bradford, where he is now in jail. The people of that section now breathe freer.

FATAL FLIRTRATION.

The Sad Accident That Befel a Young Gallant.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An amateur bicyclist in Auburn, N. Y., has come to grief in an unpleasant, but ludicrous, way. He recently procured a fine machine from Boston, and, after extensive practice, he confidently made his first appearance in public. Seeing a lady friend approaching, he drove forward at the top of his speed, and as he passed he attempted to lift his hat gracefully. Alas! his machine took an unfair advantage of him, veered to one side and collided with a tree. The hapless rider immediately turned a summersault, and was actually thrown so high and so hard that his heel was driven into the crotch of a tree, between a limb and the trunk, where he hung suspended in mid-air. He did not hang long in suspense, however, for as luck would have it his boots were slightly large for him, and the tree serving as a boot-jack his own weight soon pulled the boot off and he dropped to the ground. Since this unfortunate attempt to be polite, he is said to have vowed that under no circumstances, will he be anything else than a boor. It don't pay to be polite. As soon as he recovers from his bruised head he will think different.



A FARMER PROTESTS AGAINST THE DOCTRINE OF FREE LOVE BY SHOOTING THE DESTROYER OF HIS DOMESTIC PEACE; COEYMAN, N. Y.



AN INDIGNANT MOTHER HORSEWHIPS A MALE BUSY-BODY ON THE STREET FOR ASSERTING THAT SHE WAS "ONLY A STEP-MOTHER;" WILMINGTON, DEL.—SEE PAGE 10.

THE AMERICAN PRIZE-RING.

Its Battles, Its Wrangles and Its
Heroes From 1812 to
1880.

An Interesting Description of the
Great Fistic Encounters Between
Pugilists of the Past and
Present.

The Great Prize Ring
Battles Fought
in 1856.

How Barney Aaron Whipped Rob-
inson the Mulatto at Riker's
Island.

Eighty Hard-Fought Rounds in 2 Hours
13 Minutes.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]
BY W. E. HARDING.

(Continued.)

The great battle between Ned Price and Joe Coburn helped greatly to build up the prize ring in the United States, and following that great event numerous other battles were fought, and prize fights were quite numerous all over the country. Coburn stock began to rise, and his admirers soon became legion; he was looked upon as a promising candidate for championship honors.

In the meantime pugilists began to spring up all over the country, and numerous experts of the manly art continued to arrive in America from England.

Several glove fights and prize ring encounters followed the Coburn and Price mill.

John E. Taylor, who was one of Price's seconds in his fight with Coburn, challenged Barney Ford, who had previously defeated him, to again fight for \$1,000. Ford had seconded Coburn against Price and was eager to meet Taylor again. The proposed match was the leading topic in prize ring circles for some time, but Boston sports failed to find the stakes for Taylor when Coburn and the New York party were ready to arrange the match, and the affair fell through.

On May 5, 1856, Johnny Mackey, of Detroit, and Harry Davis fought in Toronto for \$50. It was a rattling and short mill, and Mackey hit Davis so hard that he threw off the gloves after three rounds had been fought in fifteen minutes.

New York furnished the next mill, which was between the Derry Youth of the Fourth ward, New York, and Charley Lynch. These pugilists fought with gloves for \$50 at Old Sportsman Hotel, Madison street, New York, on May 15, 1856. The battle was a desperate one, and Lynch turned out to be a great pugilist, and possessed of great pluck and fighting abilities. Nineteen rounds were fought in forty minutes, when the Derry Youth was brought to a standstill and Lynch was declared the winner.

Following this battle Eph Gorman and Jim Gorman (not related) fought according to the prize ring rules at catch-weights for \$500 at Columbus, Tenn., on May 23, 1856. It was a desperate battle, and Eph Gorman, who was five inches taller and ten pounds heavier than Jim Gorman, won. Seventeen long rounds were fought in 1 hour 44 minutes.

The next battle was fought in Ohio. It was between Ned Lewis and Jack Doyle, of Toledo. The stakes were \$200. The fight took place near Toledo on June 10, 1856. It was a long and desperate battle. In the early part of the fight Doyle had the lead in the fighting, and gained first blood and knock down. Lewis, however, pluckily faced his opponent and received terrible punishment. In the thirty-ninth round Doyle's left eye was closed, and his right fast closing. Lewis, urged on by his friends, forced the fighting and made Doyle's right eye the target for his blows. After forty-one desperate rounds had been fought both of Doyle's eyes were closed and he was unable to see his opponent. Lewis forced the fighting, and punished him so severely that his seconds threw up the sponge. The fight lasted fifty-seven minutes and it was a desperate contest. At the conclusion of the mill Doyle was the stronger of the two.

On June 27, 1856, at Bloody Island, near St. Louis, Patsey Carey and Dan Williams fought for \$100. Williams won in eleven rounds, lasting fifteen minutes.

June was a great month for prize fights, and at New York on June 16, George Gardner and Jack Adams fought for \$100. The fight took place on Long Island. It was a sharp, short, and decisive battle, which ended in Adams "doing" Gardner up in 11 rounds, lasting 13 minutes.

Prior to this fight a great battle was arranged in Boston which created no little excitement in sporting circles all over the country.

Johnny Mackey, who had made Davis take off the gloves in Canada, was matched to fight Jack Roberts for \$200 a side. The mill was fought near Boston on June 23.

Mackey proved himself a great general in the ring and a hard hitter. The battle was well contested for 25 rounds when Roberts, who had received terrible punishment, began to hoist signals of distress.

Mackey then forced the fighting, and the 30th round knocked Roberts out of time. The fight lasted 47 minutes and Mackey stock went up.

In July, 1856, Barney Aaron (a son of the famous Barney Aaron, the "Star of the East") a noted English pugilist who had but recently arrived in America from England, was matched to fight Johnny Robinson, a mulatto, native of Manchester, England. Both were light weights and had such a great private reputation for being first-class pugilists that the match was made for \$1,000.

Aaron was only 19 years of age, and weighed 120 pounds, and it was his first battle in America.

He had a host of friends and carried a good deal of money, for he had proved that he was the most scientific boxer in America at that time, while his pluck could not be questioned.

Robinson was also looked upon as a wonderful light weight.

The fight took place at Riker's Island, N. Y., on July 9, 1856. It was witnessed by a tremendous crowd, and there was heavy betting.

Both pugilists displayed great pluck, science and endurance.

Robinson punished Aaron terribly at the commencement of the fight; then the plucky, tricky Aaron resorted to Yankee Sullivan's tactics and soon gained the lead in the fighting. After 50 rounds had been fought it was anybody's fight, but Aaron looked like a winner. Robinson made several desperate efforts to turn the tables, but Barney Aaron out-fought and out-generalled him after 60 rounds had been fought. Robinson began to show the effects of the terrible punishment he had received and Aaron then began to force the fighting. Round after round followed, all of which were in Aaron's favor.

In the 80th round Aaron, by pluck, science and skill won the battle, for it was plain to all that Robinson was beaten. Only one more round was fought, when Aaron put the finishing touches on Robinson and won a hard fought battle. The fight lasted 2 hours and 13 minutes and 81 rounds were fought.

Aaron's victory and the pluck he displayed, at once made him famous, and from that time he had backers ready to match him to fight any 118 or 120 pound pugilist in America.

Another desperate battle followed the Robinson and Aaron fight. It was between Patsy Halligan and Tom Longworth.

They fought according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$200. The battle took place on July 17th, 1856, at the old circus grounds, Waterbury, Conn.

It was a long and desperate battle and both men showed great grit, for they punished each other terribly. Up to the forty-first round it was hard to tell who would win, as both were strong and had received about the same amount of punishment.

After fighting forty-three rounds, in two hours and ten minutes, darkness came on and the referee decided the match a draw. It is hard to tell how long the men would have fought had night not prevented the pugilists from fighting. Longworth was the most punished, but he was the strongest of the two at the finish.

On July 18th, 1856, Barney Ford and James Lafferty fought for \$200 a side, but there is no authentic record. Both claimed a victory.

Following the Ford and Lafferty muddle came the mill for \$600 between Jimmy Hart of Boston and Johnny Monaghan of New York.

It was the second battle between these famous light weights and created a furor in the East and in New York. Monaghan had previously fought Hart in Canada for \$400 and beat him in forty-five rounds, lasting fifty-one minutes. Hart had greatly improved since that battle and his backers placed great confidence in his ability to defeat Monaghan.

The fight took place near Beverley, Mass., on July 19th, 1856. It was a sharp, short, but desperate battle, and to the surprise of every one except Hart and his backers Monaghan was beaten in ten rounds. The battle only lasted fourteen minutes.

Monaghan's defeat created quite a sensation in New York, while Hart's victory in Boston was a matter of great rejoicing.

A pugilistic sensation followed. Dominick Bradley had challenged Morrissey to fight for \$2,000. Harry Gribben accepted the challenge on behalf of Morrissey and there was every indication that there would be a mill.

Morrissey was ready to go on with the match but no stakeholder could be found to hold the \$4,000. Wrangle after wrangle followed, and the proposed great match ended in smoke.

In the meantime New York was kept lively by wrangles about who was the champion. Hyer's friends swore he held the title. Bradley's backers swore there were two Irishmen who could defeat Hyer, meaning Bradley and Morrissey.

Under these influences the New York sporting world was kept lively by the tilts between the rival games of Hyer and Morrissey, while Morrissey of New York and Bradley of Philadelphia were constantly at loggerheads, and their respective followers did their utmost to bring about a match with Hyer and Morrissey or Hyer and the Philadelphia champion, Dominick Bradley.

At Wm. Hasting's, better known as Dublin Tricks', an old Centre street sporting-house, Hyer and Bradley's friends tried their utmost to arrange a match between these noted pugilists. Hyer refused to fight again or again enter the ring unless his opponent was Morrissey, and the match to be for \$10,000 a side. This amount neither Morrissey or Bradley could be backed for to fight Hyer, therefore the prospect of a match was out of the question.

Bradley was an overrated pugilist, but his enthusiastic friends in Philadelphia were eager to match him to fight either Morrissey or Hyer for a sum not over \$1,000.

Morrissey claimed he could whip anyone and was always ready to fight anybody who aspired to the championship.

Bradley's friends would not pit him against Morrissey because they were afraid of the Hibernian element—a class that at that time were powerful both in pugilism and politics—who they had an idea would not allow any one to defeat Morrissey in or out of the roped arena. On the other hand, Bradley's backers were willing to arrange a match with Hyer, but the latter did not care about neglecting his business to fight for \$10,000, and all the talk between the heavy weights ended in smoke.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Don't fail to read the History of the American Prize Ring in next week's Gazette. It contains an account of the great fight between Kelly and Lynch at Huyler's Landing, in which Kelly was killed. Don't forget to purchase No. 151.

JOHN McMAHON, the champion wrestler, writes from Fairfield, Vt., that he is ready to arrange a match to wrestle Edwin Bibby, the champion English Lancashire wrestler, one fall collar and elbow, one fall catch-as-catch-can, American Rules, and one fall Gracian man style, for \$500 to \$1,000 a side.

On July 5, at Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland, in the running high jump, P. Davin, who, in 1879 at Kilkenny, claimed 6 feet 1 1/2 inches, won the championship of the world by clearing 6 feet 2 1/4 inches. The best previous record was 6 feet 2 1/2 inches, made by M. J. Brooks, Oxford U. C., London, England, April 17, 1876.

THE professional scullers' race between Riley, of Saratoga, N. Y.; Lee, of Newark, N. J., and Plaisted, of Boston, took place on the Saginaw River, at Bay City, July 24. The race was a very fine one, and Riley crossed the lines only two lengths ahead of Lee, and Plaisted third, about fifteen lengths behind. Time—Riley, 22m. 25s.; Lee, 22m. 28s.

AT Chicago, in the trotting races for horses that had never beaten 2:19 were Hannis, Charley Ford and Etta Jones. The first heat was a dead heat (between Hannis and Charley Ford the favorite). Ford then won the second and third heats. Hannis then captured the next three heats and race. Time, 2:18 1/4, 2:16 3/4, 2:19, 2:18 1/4, 2:27, 2:23.

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DONNELLY of Lowell, Mass., and McKay of Dartmouth, have been named for three-mile skull race on Bedford Basin on August 3d for \$500 a side.

VOLTURNO, the crack race-horse, has been thrown out of training, in consequence of a rupture of the sheathing of the middle tendon of his near fore leg.

THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

ALL LETTERS, PORTRAITS AND COMMUNICATIONS IN REFERENCE TO SPORTING MATTERS TO BE ADDRESSED TO WM. E. HARDING, SPORTING EDITOR, NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, NEW YORK.

Answers to Correspondents.

M. W., Olean, N. Y.—Will reply next week.

HARRY, Utica, N. Y.—Bonner paid \$33,000 for Dexter.

H. W., Camden, N. J.—The American Prize Ring is continued every week.

MILTON, Philadelphia.—Elliott the pugilist was sent two years to state prison.

W. B.—All questions relating to sporting matters answered free of charge.

SAM R., Wheeling, W. Va.—Yankee Sullivan was born at Banden, near Cork, Ireland.

PLOW BOY, Troy, N. Y.—Owney Geoghegan's picture will appear in the GAZETTE next week.

RODRICK, Port Jervis.—1. Heenan weighed 196 pounds when he fought Tom King. 2. Heenan.

S. W., Boston.—Heenan only fought three times in the ring—with Morrissey, Sayers and King.

STEEL EYE, West Rutland, Vt.—Christopher Rice has walked 50 miles in 9h. 2m. He is 50 years of age.

HOLLY BOY, St. Catherine's, Canada.—A referee can only act in the event of a disagreement of the judges.

JARRO, Babylon, L. I.—The GAZETTE is issued every Saturday, but it can be mailed to you if you forward \$4.

W. M., Lancaster, Pa.—The History of the American Prize Ring commenced in No. 141. Back numbers can be obtained.

H. P., Virginia City.—1. John McMahon, of Bakersfield, Vt., is the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler. He is ready to wrestle any man in the world.

PEDESTRIAN, Crestline, O.—The fastest time for one mile running by man is 4m. 17 1/4s. made by Bill Lang in a dead heat with Bill Richards in England.

MOLLY, Pottsville, Pa.—Aaron Jones fought Tom Sayers twice—making a draw in 62 rounds, 3 hours, Jan. 6, 1857, and being defeated in 2 hours, during which 85 rounds were fought, Feb. 19, 1857.

PUG, Gold Hill, Nev.—1. Ned Price defeated Australian Kelly at Point Albinia, Canada, Oct. 6, 1859. Eleven rounds were fought in 22 minutes. 2. Yes. Patsy Sh. p. p. was born Oct. 19, 1847.

WRESTLER, Buffalo, N. Y.—Bauer and Bibby are matched to wrestle for \$1,000 in September. The match will take place in this city. Jim Mace is in Australia and Joe Burns is residing at Auburn, N. Y.

SCIPIO, West Brighton, S. I.—Tom Sayers defeated Crouch, Collins, Jack Grant, Martin, Sims, Poulsen, Aaron Jones, Perry, Benjamin (twice), Paddock and Brett; fought draws with Collins, Aaron Jones and John C. Heenan, and was defeated by Nat Langham.

W. J., Boston.—1. When you ask your dealer for a GAZETTE, be sure you look next time and see that it is the GAZETTE you are purchasing. The other journal has nothing to do with the GAZETTE. 2. Quite a number of dealers try to sell the journal you speak of when their supply of GAZETTES, for which there is now such a great demand, run out.

SORREL DAN paced a mile at Chicago in 2:16.

MONROE CHIEF won the great stallion race at Chicago.

LONG TAW won the Saratoga Cup and carried 124 pounds.

JAMES R. KEENE still continues to send race horses to England

GEORGE L. LORILLARD has bought the two-year-old Greenland for \$3,500.

THE Emmet Guard athletic picnic at Troy, N. Y., is fixed for August 9th.

FRENCHY JOHNSON is to challenge Riley to row a single-skull race for \$500.

IRELAND won the Elcho Shield at Wimbledon, beating England and Scotland.

THE West Virginia authorities still compel Ryan and Goss to remain in Canada.

V. A. BRIDE, of Chicago, has bought Lowell Dan the pacer (record 2:10:2) for \$10,000.

GEORGE W. LEE will row in the professional race on the Thames River course, July 29.

No arrangements have yet been made by Josh Ward and Charles Courtney for a single-skull race.

THE manager of St. Julian offers to match him for \$5,000 against any trotter or pacer in the country.

CALLAHAN, of Fairfield, Vt., offers to wrestle Johnson, of New York, for \$500, conditions, collar-and-elbow.

GEORGE NICKERSON of Sambro, N. S., and John McKay of Dartmouth, N. S., are matched to row for \$500 a side.

IN the fifty-mile bicycle race for the amateur championship of England, H. L. Curtis made the 25th mile in 2m. 58s.

NAT E. HUTCHINS and A. Butler are to wrestle July 28 at Armory Hall, Big Rapids, Mich., in collar-and-elbow fashion.

MYSTIC and Beacon Parks announce \$17,500 in premiums for trotting meetings, the first and second weeks of September.

W

NEW YORK BY DAY AND NIGHT.

Striking Pictures as We Go Around
The Clock—Midnight Scenes and
Noontide Photographs.

SOCIETY ARTISTS.

How the Painter Who Cannot
Paint Makes Money.

STUDIOS AS ASSIGNATION PLACES.

BY AN OLD ROUNDER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

I used to know a young fellow in the dry goods line who was accounted an excellent hand at his business, but in whom nobody, except perhaps the girl who was in love with him, ever could have discovered any particular points outside of those by the exercise of which he charmed the western buyer into investing three times as much as he had intended in goods he didn't want. It was in the days when the Amphitryon at Broadway and Worth street was a crack resort for commercial New York in the fabric line, and fate, for some inscrutable purpose of its own, was wont to make him invariably my neighbor at the high lunch counter. He always had a note-book full of caricatures of people he had met, monstrous libels on the art of graphic burlesque, and he had a budget of stories about the originals as sappies as the merchandise out of which he made his living, which he would cram into me till it took half a day's salary in beer to bring my system to a normal condition of moisture again.

One day this individual vanished from the classic shades of White street, and when I asked a fellow minion of the packing case what had become of him the f. w. responded:

"Oh! Smeere has gone in for art and taken a studio."

I regarded this as one of those pleasing fictions the dry goods drummer is professionally addicted to, until one afternoon lately I made a call on a friend in a studio building up town. It is none of your Bohemian temples of art, redolent of tobacco, tube colors and bread-and-cheese and beer, but a brown-stone palace with imperial staircases and tiled halls like the aisle of a church. And on one of the doors opening on the chief hall my amazed eyes took in the sign—

F. DE COURCY SMEERE, STUDIO.

A sleek boy in a snuff-colored suit with enough silver buttons to open a retail shop on opened the door for me.

"The lady's been and gone, sir," said this ingenuous young person promptly. "She couldn't wait, but she'll be in to-morrow at the same time, and—"

"You infernal idiot!" called a voice from behind a heavy damask-curtained, arched doorway, "that isn't Mr. Munnybagg. Ask the gentleman what he wants."

I wanted to see Mr. Smeere, and he came out through the curtains presently, gorgeous in a scarlet satin-lined velvet smoking jacket and a vermillion fez with a golden tassel. He was redolent of Havana tobacco and white rose. He wore a chain of gold, with a copulent cluster of charms that made music when he moved; a solitaire of price flashed on his little finger, and his tie was disposed with that aristocratic carelessness which is calculated to give the world ocular evidence of the wearer's possession of a diamond collar-button. In spite of all this magnificence, however, he said he was glad to see me, and led me into the arca whence I had summoned him, explaining:

"I expected a patron here, and a lady was to meet him, but I knew by the voice that you weren't he."

"So old Munnybagg is a patron of yours!" I observed.

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I never knew that he was a connoisseur in art."

"Well, to tell the truth he isn't. Nature is more in his line."

"Then how do you make him profitable?"

"There are more ways of making people profitable than selling pictures to them."

And then Smeere filled a meerschaum with Lukatia and stretched out on his lounge with a wink so full of meaning that I would have been blind not to have dropped.

My friend Smeere had become a society artist.

What is a society artist?

It is a painter who cannot paint, whose works figure in no exhibitions and whose name appears in no criticism, yet who makes more money than one who can paint and does.

How does he do it?

Why, simply by being accommodating and discreet. Great gifts those, in this gay world of ours.

He has a stylish studio in a fashionable neighborhood. He has his elegant reception-room, his comfortable ante-chamber and his atelier where he libels nature whenever he don't feel like doing anything else. Frequently he has a whole suit, furnished with equal elegance. To support these glories, not to mention himself, his jewelry and his swell club, money is required.

Now nobody would be ass enough to exchange good money for badly wasted paint and canvas and he knows it. But he has another stock in trade.

The studio itself!

"I've got to meet Clementine to-morrow," observes Mr. Goldbug, of the Stock Board, to his friend Raker. "Daren't take her to a public restaurant, or see her in the street. What the devil shall I do?"

"Try Smeere. I guess he's got a picture or two left."

Next afternoon Smeere has a caller. It is a portly gentleman of an imposing aspect. He prices this and that work of alleged art with the air of a man who isn't particularly interested, buys the cheapest, for a ten or twenty dollar note, and is just about ready to go when the snuff-colored boy admits another visitor.

This time it is a lady.

And by a curious coincidence, a lady with whom the portly gentleman is very well acquainted.

Smeere hears their chat through the damask curtains, and listens to it die away without putting himself out at all. About the same time the door of the ante-room closes and the snuff boy spits on a half dollar for luck and performs a double-shuffle whose echoes are lost on the padded floor.

Shall we peep into the ante-room with that asmodean faculty we are so fortunately possessed of?

If we do we look into a luxuriously appointed apart-

ment, with pictures, not by Smeere, on the walls and the light mellowed by a French curtain, in which Cupids and garlands glow with gorgeous figures. There is a divan, and a sideboard, where decanters of the best brandy and of choice vintages stand ready at hand. There is always a bottle or two of champagne nestled in the silver tub of ice. It is, in short, a bachelor nest, where one enjoys the most delightful solitude, and the charming liberty of being one's own servant.

And Goldbug and Clementine do enjoy it.

You would scarcely recognize the stately aristocrat of the reception room in the voluptuous creature stretched at ease on the divan, blowing the smoke of her Russian cigarette into the perfumed air in practised rings, while the magnate of the Stock Board, on his knees, fills the great glass shell in her hand. They fill a good many shells before they get through and smoke a good many Russian cigarettes, or else Havana's, as Smeere can tell from the bankroll left in the Japanese tray on the beaufort, with a stock twenty dollar gold piece in it as a stool-pigeon or eagle. For everything in this atmosphere of discreet accommodation is the pink of politeness. The very air you breathe costs you money, but you are never forced to experience the grossness of a bill. If you are a "gentleman" you know what to do. If you are not there is no likelihood of your ever having the chance to do it.

As for the picture Goldbug bought, he may carry it off with him. But the chances are he won't, so it serves just as useful a purpose for the next man.

One society artist boasts that he has sold the same pictures over and over again to one man, and that the purchaser never discovered it, or at least never cared whether he discovered it or not.

The fact of the matter was that he was paying from \$10 to \$50 rent a week for the use of a corner of the studio, according to the frequency of his visits, and he didn't care what became of the daubs which served him as a polite blind.

Studio assignments are not all managed on the plan of those which culminate in Smeere's little ante-room and end in the departure of Goldbug and Clementine by separate ways.

The favorite plan is for the gentleman to arrive in a coupe, which he leaves at the door. The lady leaves hers around the corner.

When they depart they do so in the gentleman's vehicle, while the lady's coachman entertains himself for an hour or two wondering what the deuce missus is staying so long in that blamed stoodee for, until she comes back in a street car from—

Well, anywhere you care to think of.

The people who make it worth the society artist's while to run a studio are the highest-toned in the community. They belong to class that does not dare to risk discovery in any way, and being of that class they are able and willing to pay for safety as they do.

The society artist has his regular weekly receptions too, and then the snuff or otherwise colored bag is kept busy.

It would take a Babbage with his calculating machine in full blast almost to keep count of the flirtations which then evolute among the discreetly voluminous tresses, in the odd holes and corners behind the easels and the statuary.

There are times, too, when the society artist disappears for a day, leaving orders with the chromatic boy to admit only certain parties, and there is always a neat little letter box where no correspondence is refused.

You will probably comprehend by this time that it is that some people who cannot paint, but can hold their tongues and their consciences, make money where others who own only talent for art starve.

There is no rose without its thorns, however, and even the society artist's pleasant path is now and then crossed by some baftful shadow like that of the gentleman who once tracked his suspected wife repeatedly to her snug rendezvous, and finally turned up in time to find Smeere and his patron trying to straighten the disordered beauty up and get her into decent enough trim after the third bottle of champagne to go home.

History preserves no very detailed account of what followed.

But they say that a gentleman was caned somewhere in the building that afternoon, an artist had his head rammed through one of his own canvases and a small boy in snuff-color and silver was kicked down two flights of stairs. The janitor, however, is a man of the world, and also of a savings bank turn of mind, and so long as he don't kick, Smeere's business isn't likely to be seriously interfered with.

And even if it was, Goldbug, Moneybagg and the rest would find other quite as comfortable transient quarters, with host or hostess of an equally accommodating turn.

For there are women in the ranks of the society artists as well as men.

And, as a rule, they're as pretty even as the pictures real artists paint, but the saints be merciful to you if you ever—

But I know you never will, and if you do you deserve all you get.

At Edinburgh, Scotland, recently, Dave Stanton, the English bicycle rider, won a 25-mile bicycle race, covering 15 miles 1,420 yards in the first hour, and rode the full distance in 1h. 33m. 58 $\frac{1}{4}$ s. Stanton has made better time in New York.

CHICAGO base ball nine's twenty consecutive victories is not the best on record. The Cincinnati Red Stockings in 1869 won no less than thirty-nine consecutive victories, which completely beats the performance this season of the Chicago Nine.

In the great wrestling tournament at Carlisle, England, for the championship of Great Britain, John Steadman again won the championship. One hundred and eighty competed for the prizes. Steadman has now won the championship seven times.

AT Springfield, Mass., July 26, the Chicago club were defeated by the Nationals by a score of 2 to 1. It was a remarkable game. At the end of the ninth inning the score was 1 and 1; in the twelfth inning the Nationals added one run to their score and won.

MYERS, the champion amateur runner, can run fast enough to beat any man in the world from 75 yards to 1,760. If the wonderful pedestrian continues to beat the records he will have to tackle a locomotive or a race horse, for all competitors will fight shy of him.

At the LONDON Athletic Club Grounds, Stamford Bridge, England, recently, the second 50 miles bicycle championship race, promoted by the Bicycle Union, was decided, and again resulted in the victory of H. L. Curtis, who completed the distance in 2 hours 56 minutes 11.2-5 seconds (9.3-5 seconds slower than in 1879).

AMERICA is running neck and neck with England for athletic honors, and appears likely to assume the lead at no distant day. L. E. Myers is doing wonderful performances by beating the records, but the athletes in England are so far ahead of us at running, walking and jumping—that is, leaving out the six-day business.

A wrestling match took place recently in Arizona between Prof. T. Bauer, the American champion, and Prof. Messela, the Mexican champion; conditions were Graeco-Roman style for \$500. Messela won amid great enthusiasm, as Bauer was a heavy favorite. Bauer has been in New York for the past month, and the wrestler who claims to be Prof. Bauer is a humbug, and sporting men of Arizona who backed him were duped.

SPORTING men on the Pacific slope are agitating a prize fight between Patsy Hogan and Jim Trevillian. Both pugilists fought before in the ring. The last contest between Trevillian and Hogan was a short but stubborn battle for few rounds, when Trevillian had somewhat the best of the fighting. His hands were badly swelled and he could not keep them closed. A ball of oakum was placed in his hands, when Hogan's seconds claimed foul, and, amid the shouts of the partisans and boasting, Trevillian's friends drew knives and revolvers, but the referee stood firm and awarded the stakes to Hogan.

DANIEL O'LEARY, America's champion pedestrian, called at the GAZETTE office on Tuesday. He was then en route to Buffalo where he intends holding a grand 75-hour pedestrian tournament for \$2,000 in prizes and the O'Leary 75-hour championship of the world. All the principal pedestrians in the United States and Canada will compete, among them Dobler, Faber, Albert Clow and others. The pedestrians are anxious to have Hughes the "Lepper," who has developed into a great pedestrian, enter. Faber says that he gave Hughes such a beating in the contest for the Rose belt in New York that he is afraid to compete. Albert, of Philadelphia, says Hughes' friends can win a fortune if Hughes can defeat him for a place in the coming race. The belt is a magnificent one and a model of the O'Leary six-day belt that Hart now holds.

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STUDIOS AS PLACES OF ASSIGNATION.
SEE PAGE 15.